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ONLY A BEGGAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Only a beggar;" lady fair,
I once spoke thus with just such an air,
When gaily attired and rich as thou,
And spoke with the scorn thou speakest now.

"Only a beggar;" now, tis true!
In rags like these what else could I do?
Yet I remember the time, ah! me,
When I was wealthy and proud like thee.

"Only a beggar;" once I said,
Of one who had begged a crust of bread:
I had never dreamed of want or woe,
But now, you see, I have fallen low!

"Only a beggar;" where is all
The pride that possessed me ere my fall?
I once could weep at my terrible fate,
But alas! the font seems dry of late.

"Only a beggar;" God forbid
That the same may e'er of thee be said,
That thou may'st e'er know hunger or grief,
Or ever be hunted like a thief!

"Only a beggar;" oft I pray
My beggarly life may pass away;
Not one to save me from want, e'er tried,
They all pass by "on the other side."

"Only a beggar;" are there none
To offer me rest on earth? Not one.
It seems as if there were none so blest
As those who go to their final rest.

"Only a beggar;" look on me—
Is there a trace of beauty to see?
Could you believe that this lank, grey hair,
Was golden once, or that I was fair?

"Only a beggar;" must I starve?
Wilt thou do nothing in my behalf?
Ah! bid me not depart from thy door,
Because thou'rt wealthy and *I* am poor.

"Only a beggar;" has my hell
Been known on this earth? Ah! who can tell?
I believe my fate, whate'er 't might be,
Could not be worse in eternity!

"Only a beggar." What! a tear!
Heaven grant that thou hast lent an ear;
Oh! give me some work and let me toil,
Away from this cruel world's turmoil

"Only a beggar" though I be,
How faithfully would I toil for thee!
Let me believe I yet am human,
And hear the pitying voice of woman!

"Only a beggar." What! I may
Live to toil for thee, bless thee and pray?
Forgive thee? Ah! lady, say not so,
'Twas only in haste thou bid'st me go.

"Only a beggar" I, but thou
Wilt take the cursed stamp from off my brow;
Ah! would all the wealthy act like thee,
There would be but few outcasts like me!

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XI.

GOOD NEWS FOR JOHN THOMAS—THE LETTER—THE OLD WOMAN IN THE INFIRMARY—THE SHOWMAN'S SECRET IN OTHER KEEPING—THE LODGING HOUSE—MR. BARTON'S PRIZE—A FRUITLESS JOURNEY.

Mr. James Barton went his way from Rosa Villa, and for two days waited the appearance of the man he had seen in Birmingham and appointed to meet him in London. He thought to purchase his secret and his proofs, never dreaming but so apparently poor a man would be glad to sell his knowledge for the relief of present necessity. He was mistaken, however. John Thomas knew what his secret was worth, and was not quite so poor as his would-be patron deemed him.

He had had good news, too, from his wife, whom he left so ill in Scotland; he had found a letter from her at the Birmingham post office, which had been waiting there some days, and in it, what seemed a mine of wealth to him just then, an order for thirty shillings. She told him how she had recovered, and had walked about in Edinburgh heart sick and weary, parting with her clothes one by one, till there seemed nothing but starvation or the workhouse before her, when she had come suddenly upon an old acquaintance.

"It was Jim Matthews, John—you remember Jim," she went on. "He's got a stunning booth and a rare company; and he took me and gave me a dinner—he did, God bless him—such a dinner as I hadn't had for many a long day, and asked after you; and then he says to me:—

"'Mother Thomas,' says he, 'I want some one just like you.'

"So I asked him what he meant, and it came out as his missus had run off, you'll recollect her, a pretty black-eyed woman, very flirty in her ways, and his manager along with her, and he was all at sixes and sevens for some one as he could trust at the door while he was looking after things inside. And says he:—

"'If you think your master wouldn't object now——'

"'Object!' says I. 'We're down on our luck too much to object.'

"So I went with him to Glasgow Fair, John, and that's how I came by the money. Jim is a vulgar, good-hearted fellow, and I assure you it was rare fun to see him rehearsing the *ballet* girls with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his month. We're going to stop at Leith a matter of three weeks, so you may be easy about me. That's the good news, but I've something queer to tell you besides. It made me shake, I can tell you. One of our women got badly hurted the other day—the platform broke down while they were dancing—and was took to the infirmary. Well, I went to see her, and take a little matter of tea and sugar; and nice and comfortable she was, I can tell you. She said the only thing she didn't like was an old woman in the next bed who was always throwing sneers at her because she belonged to a show. The old wretch heard her, and turned round quite spiteful like. She was a wizened old thing, with as ugly a face as ever I see.

"'No, I don't like show folks,' she said, 'a set of thieving, deceitful rogues; I knew a showman once who stole a child.'

"'A child,' says I, taken all aback; and the nurse came up and told us never to mind her for she was daft. She had been hurt in the head and was nearly well; but she was touched in her mind, and was going to be put in the asylum very soon.

"'Am I daft?' says she. 'I know what I'm saying now, any way. Showmans' names ain't Dornton with a crown over it. He took it out of these very arms.'

"I suppose I looked pale, for Mrs. Hinton, that's the woman I went to see, says to me:—

"'Never you heed her, Mrs. Thomas; that's the way she's always going on; but she does no hurt.'

"But the old woman was sitting up on her bed, looking me full in the face.

"'Mrs. Thomas is it?' says she, 'perhaps it's John Thomas' wife. The mother who was so far off, but who would be so glad to see her baby the baby that wore the fine shirt with the crown upon it, and the pink ribbons, and the fine necklace.'

"I couldn't say a word, John, but I shook like a leaf, and the nurse made her hold her tongue; scolded her well, she did, and made her lie down with the clothes over her; but all the way as I went out I could hear her laughing and chuckling to herself, and saying:—

"'She knew, she knew.'

"I shan't go near the infirmary again, I promise you."

John Thomas read this part of his wife's epistle with a good deal of surprise.

"What can it mean?" he asked himself. "I took all the child's things away with me, at least all they gave me. That woman that gave me the child must have kept something back; I don't remember what she was like, except that she was a hard, sour looking woman. I shouldn't know her if I saw her, let alone the twenty years that have gone over our heads."

He started for London, and the same evening presented himself at Rosa Villa. After his interview with its fair mistress he left it with anger and revenge boiling in his heart.

"I'll not see that man again," he said to himself. "I'll go straight to his lordship and tell him where to find his child; she shall see her father turn from her with loathing and disgust, as she turned from me, the heartless viper!"

He went to the place where James Barton had recommended him to seek a lodging, where he had promised to meet him and supply him with funds for present need, and remained there that night. In the morning he paid for the little room he had requested to have to himself and went his way, leaving no name, no address, no apparent trace of his existence behind him. He had not been gone an hour when a gentleman appeared, inquiring for him.

"No one of that name here, sir," replied the landlady, sulkily.

"Any one of the name been here, then?"

"Not that I know of, sir; I don't ask people's names when they pay their way."

"Who has been here since yesterday?" he asked again. "I am willing to pay for your trouble, but I want to know particularly."

"Only one man, sir—a countryman," said the woman, mollified. "Would have a room to himself, like any gentleman. Went away this morning early."

"What was he like?"

"Very poor looking, sir; I should have thought him a common tramp, but there was something in him different to the general run of them, and he had a kind way with him. He showed my little girl some conjuror's tricks."

"That's the man," said Barton—for it was he. "Do you know where he was going?"

"No, sir."

"He left no message?"

"No, sir."

"You are sure he is not coming back?"

"He said he wasn't, sir."

"And did he leave nothing behind him?"

"No, sir," replied the woman, somewhat impatiently, throwing open the door of a small room, scarce more than a closet. "That's where he slept; you can see for yourself."

He stepped in and looked curiously around; not an article was there save the furniture. He turned to go, but not before he had pocketed something from amongst the disarranged bedclothes. He thanked and paid the woman for her civility and went away.

"What's this I wonder," he said to himself, when he had got out of sight of the house. It was a folded piece of paper, and he opened and looked over it. "Here, cab," he called to a passing vehicle, "Albert Theatre and drive fast," and drawing up the windows he proceeded to make himself master of the curiously written prize. As he read an expression of triumph overspread his features. "You've given me the slip, Mr. John Thomas," he said, "but you've given me the last link in the chain. I can have an exciting little prosecution for child stealing to vary the monotony of our romance. You'll work by yourself, will you? So will I."

He folded up the paper and put it away; it was the letter that had waited at the Birmingham post office; the thick envelope was safe in John Thomas' side pocket, but its contents were in the hands of Mr. Wortley's secretary.

The showman took his way from London northward again, not by rail this time, but plodding along on foot towards Lorton Castle.

Three days were consumed on the journey, three long days they seemed to him, for he longed to be relieved of the secret he had kept so carefully for so many years. Once or twice the thought of what they might do to him for his share of the transaction crossed his mind and made him shiver.

"I'll make a clean breast of it, any way," he said to himself, "I can do no more now. I behaved well to her while she was in my hands; it was no ill usage which drove her to run off. Well, well, they say whenever you do anything wrong it comes home to you—it's been coming home to me ever since she went away from us."

The evening of the third day he was drawing near his journey's end; he was not quite sure of his way, for he had quitted it by a different road from the one he was on now, and he inquired of a wagoner who was coming along with a team of tired horses:—

"Is this the road to Lorton Castle?"

"Ay, thou'lt see t' village next turn in the road, thou'rt close upon it."

"I'm not going to the village; is this the nearest road to the castle?"

"No, thou'rt a bit out o' thy way down here—t' castle's away over yon."

"Thank you; how far?"

"Better'n a mile from here; you're a stranger i' these parts, mate."

"Yes, but I've business at the castle; are the family there?"

"I don't know for certain. I only came from Doncaster this morn; I've been away there with cattle, but I heard they were going away when t' funeral was over."

"The funeral?"

"Ay, t' young lord; he was buried yesterday."

"I didn't know he was dead; I was at Lorton on his birthday."

"He were killed that very evening, no one knows how; he were all alone when it happened, a foine lad he were, as frank and good hearted as his father, and that's saying a good deal."

"Dead! the heir dead?"

"Ay, and under the church flags, as well, now. A grand funeral it were, all t' folk o' country side were there, for by a string of carriages from t' castles to t' church. I'd like well to ha' seen it. But I'm going to yon farm, so good day, mate."

"Good day," returned John Thomas, taking the road the man had shown him, and musing much upon what he had heard.

He too had seen the joyous, light hearted boy on the morning of the *fete*, and had listened to the sound of his merry voice and ringing laughter, as he had moved about, with a kind word and smile for every one. It seemed as if the rich had their troubles as well as the poor, since the Earl of Lorton's immense wealth would not keep him his only son. He made his way to the entrance by which he had left the park on that day; lifting the latch of the little side gate he passed through. Mrs. Perks heard the click and looked out of the window. A slight exclamation from her, half surprise, half fear, made her husband look up from his tea and bread and meat and ask what was the matter.

"What ails you," he said, "screeching out like that? Can't you let a man have his victuals in peace?"

"I didn't screech, Bill," she replied, "at least not that I know of, but it's him."

"Him; who's him? What's him?"

"Why, the man that I told you about as I saw on the day of the *fete*, the tramp as asked me for a drink of water. What can he want here, I wonder?"

"Nothing particular, I daresay; sit down and get your tea; you're always fancying some stuff or other. Didn't you tell me a cock and bull story about a locket and a picture. All bosh it was. If the man had had anything to do with his lordship he'd ha' seen him that day."

"So he did. They were talking about it in the hall; and James, he heard him say something about a secret and about writing to my lord. It's no story of my making. I saw the picture of my lady with my own eyes and had the locket in my hand, and asked him where he got it."

"And what did he say?"

"He was just about as civil as you'd have been. He told me that was his business and not mine."

"And so it was," said Mr. Perks, wincing a little under his wife's retort, and making a fresh start with his meal. "He's a poor, shabby looking fellow; it can't be anything of much account."

Mrs. Perks had her own opinion on that matter, and she resolved on an expedition to the castle immediately the children were disposed of, to hear all the particulars of the presumed tramp's visit. He, never dreaming he was the object of so much attention, made his way round to the back part of the castle, where, before he could ring at the gate, he encountered an old lady with a parasol in her hand, walking leisurely towards the same entrance. She was very pleasant and kindly looking, and he bowed and addressed her:—

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, "but are the family—is his lordship here?"

She looked at him inquiringly; a sort of surprised look, as if she wondered what business it could be of his, and then her trembling hands smoothed down the crisp new crape on her black dress, and she said, with a long sigh:—

"No, there is no one here."

"Ah, then it's no use my asking any more," he said gravely. "If I might make so bold, where would a letter find his lordship, ma'am?"

"He is at Mayfield."

"Mayfield. Oh! if I'd only known, I was far nearer him in London. I've something of importance to tell him, ma'am. I had the honor of telling him so on the day of merry making here."

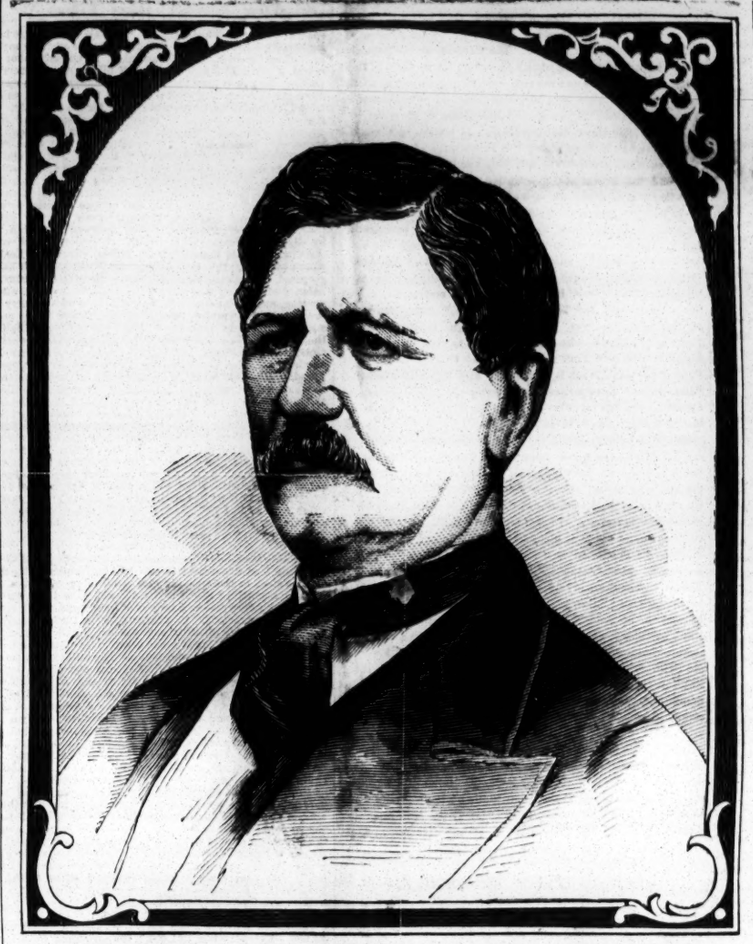
Mrs. Marsh—for it was she—started. This then was the man she had heard the servants discussing on that terrible day, and their talk was not mere idle fancy after all. Yet, what could such a person have to do with the Earl of Lorton? She had a woman's curiosity, and she would try and find out.

"I am the housekeeper," she said, "and I live here. You seem to have come far—step in, and I will order you some refreshment."

She rang at the door, and a neatly dressed girl admitted them, who started at the sight of her companion.

"That man again," she muttered.

"Take this person into the hall," said the old lady. "Tell cook to give him some cold meat, or whatever she has. I will see you before you go away," she continued to the showman, "and then I will tell you how to address the earl."



JEM WARD, Ex-Champion of the British Prize Ring.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO DINNERS AT BLACKWALL—MRS. SAVILLE WEAKER THAN SHE THOUGHT—THE FAINTING FIT—MARGARET AND MADELINE—MAJOR BANKES.

The week passed away; a week of failing strength and increasing illness to Mrs. Saville in her miniature palace; of joy and happiness to Willie Burn and Maggie Ross, undisturbed only by the sympathy they felt with Mrs. Grant in her new anxiety; a week of trouble for the widow, though hope began to mingle with her tears as day by day saw a slow amendment in her brother; a time of mourning and seclusion in pleasant Mayfield, where the bereaved Earl of Lorton and his wife and daughter mourned the loss of their darling, and the whole household missed the pleasant face and merry voice of that dead boy; a week of schemes and plots in the active brain of Mr. James Barton, rendering him unusually mysterious and important. He was singularly gracious to Margaret Ross, and invited her to join Willie and himself and one or two other special favorites of his in the theatre in a day's pleasure some where out of town.

"To cost the ladies nothing, of course," he said, gallantly, to Maggie and Willie. "And it won't be much amongst the gentlemen when it's divided."

"Oh, with all my heart," replied the young man. "With all our hearts. I am sure Maggie likes a frolic as well as any of us."

"Oh, that I do," said Maggie, with sparkling eyes, "and the weather's delightful, now."

"Then what do you say to Blackwall?"

"Anywhere you like, Mr. Barton."

"Well, then, the Swan at Blackwall; it's a pleasant place to dine; we can go either by rail or boat."

"Oh, boat," Maggie exclaimed. "It's by far the pleasantest way in summer; I like the river."

"So do I," said Willie, laughing, "when it's tolerably sweet."

"It's pretty fair, now," Mr. Barton remarked. "I was at Greenwich the other day and it was not at all unpleasant."

"Who's going?"

"Well, we shan't be more than eight or ten altogether; I haven't got the answer from all of them yet."

So an afternoon out was agreed upon by some half dozen of Mr. Wortley's people; down the river, and back again to Blackwall, to a five o'clock dinner. The Swan was very full, every room had its party, and every table in the large hall was filled. Mr. Barton had bespoken their quarters, however—a front room overlooking the country, and large, and with a fine bow window—and they proceeded up stairs. On the landing stood two or three young men, laughing and talking. Catching sight of Maggie, one of them advanced.

"You are late, fair lady," he said. "Where is Mr. Saville? We are all here, and we've dropped on Bankes and persuaded him to join us."

Maggie Ross shrank back in astonishment and some alarm, for the tone was flippant and disagreeable.

"There's some mistake, sir," said Willie Burn, somewhat haughtily, drawing her arm in his.

"You have mistaken the lady."

The young men laughed ironically, and at the same moment Major Bankes appeared on the scene. He had heard what passed, and catching sight of the young girl's crimson face and Willie's indignant look, he understood in a moment.

"Great heavens," he exclaimed, "it's like seeing a ghost! You are mistaken, Darwin," he said, aloud; "and you too, Sepham—you should have known better. That is not Mrs. Saville, though the likeness is startling. Allow me to apologise, madam, for the mistake; we are momently expecting a lady so like you that I do not wonder at your being taken for her."

"It's Madeline Lennox," muttered Mr. Barton, as they bowed and passed on; "I'll get a word with her if I can."

And indeed as he spoke, her clear, ringing voice was heard at the foot of the stairs, apologising for the delay and greeting her guests. It was with evident effort that she reached the room where they were to dine, and when she got there she was so exhausted that they had to lay her on a couch by the open window.

"Strange," muttered Barton to himself, as he watched her alight from an open carriage.

"How curiously those girls are always coming in contact! It won't be for many times more; that poor thing isn't long for this world. So that's the Duke of Portarlington, I suppose; he looks quite savage at her—annoyed at her illness, I suppose, and speculating on the best way of getting rid of the connection. Ah, men don't like broken toys or damaged playthings any more than children do. Mrs. Saville's day is nearly over, I can see."

"What are you watching so intently?" asked Willie, coming up to him. "Your eyes and ears are all out of the window, seemingly."

"I was watching that poor Miss Lennox," he replied; "she's up stairs by this time. She's dying, if ever woman was."

"Poor girl! how beautiful she was."

"And is more beautiful than ever, I think.

"'omething's the matter in there," he added, hastily, "they seem quite in a commotion."

And, indeed, the sound of hurried voices was distinctly audible in the next room.

The Duke of Portarlington was evidently annoyed at poor Madeline's indisposition, and she tried with anxiety and something like fear to arouse herself from it, and—

"It was nothing," she kept saying, "only the jolting of the carriage had made her feel faint. It was only half past four; she should be quite well by dinner time, quite well, she was sure."

But even as she spoke her eyes closed, her hands relaxed, and the labored breathing ceased, and she lay back in a swoon so like death that her thoughtless companions were terrified.

"What shall we do?" said the duke hastily, removing her hat. "She wouldn't bring her maid, though I wanted her to; I was afraid of something of this sort."

Willie Burn and Barton guessed something of what was the matter; they could partially see into the adjoining apartment.

"The lady has fainted in the next room," they said, going in. "She looks dreadfully."

"Can I do anything, I wonder?" said Maggie, starting up. "She had nobody with her, poor thing!" and, followed by another of the ladies, she left the room.

The group around Mrs. Saville did not hear her gentle rap at the door; and after a moment's pause she opened it and went in. There was a general start at her appearance; and they looked involuntarily from her to the death-like form on the sofa. A smart chamber, maid had made her appearance from somewhere, in answer to the duke's violent ring, and she uttered an audible "Goodness, gracious!" as she looked at the two faces, and stood staring, transfixed with astonishment.

"I beg your pardon," said Maggie, timidly, "but I heard the lady had fainted, and——"

"Oh, thank you," said the duke, making way for her to approach. "Very much obliged, I am sure. Fainting fits are beyond my comprehension, I must confess. We'll leave her, if you ladies will be so kind."

And, nothing loth, the gentlemen moved away. The swoon was not of long duration; in a short time the color began to flash faintly back into the white lips, and the eyes to open with a wondering, half frightened expression.

"Where am I?" she said at length, "and who are you?"

"Don't talk just yet, ma'am," said the chambermaid, pertly, "and you'll be all right in a minute."

"I'm better now," said the poor invalid, faintly, "but my head is confused a little, I think. I don't know quite where I am, or how it is she is here," pointing to Maggie, who stood beside her with deep concern on her pretty face, as she saw how changed was her once beautiful companion.

"If you'd only stop talking, ma'am, you'd be better much sooner," said the servant, shortly. She had not been paid for her services yet, and was not sure of getting anything. "Quiet's the very best thing after a fainting fit, you know."

"There can't be much quiet here, I should think," said Maggie, as two or three bells rung in concert, and a perfect Babel of sounds came from below.

"People don't come to hotels for quietness," retorted the girl, applying fresh cold water to Mrs. Saville's face, for she seemed again unconscious—"they come here to enjoy themselves, and there can't be much enjoyment in this sort of thing, I should think."

There were fresh arrivals down stairs, and her mind was wandering away from the fainting lady to the distracting idea that her fellow servant was getting more than her legitimate share of the ladies' patronage. There was some reason in her anxiety, for she received nothing for her services except what she obtained from visitors; and the thought of what might be dropping into her companion's pockets while she was, as she expressed it to herself, "dawdling over a poor, weak thing, who ought to have been at home, and in bed," made her cross.

"Can't think what people want to gad about like this for," she muttered, "when they are fitter for their beds. Ah! she's coming to again at last, thank goodness."

She was; and staring at Margaret Ross, on whose arm her head rested, with a strange expression on her face.

"What brings you here?" she asked. "Oh, leave me! You are very kind, but go—go!"

Her words were so earnest that Maggie withdrew her arm, and stood out of sight as the duke, hearing her voice, came up.

"Better?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she said, excitedly. "Quite well, but send her away. She is very good, but don't let her come near me."

"She! Who?"

"The girl that was here just now—Margaret Ross—with the mark across her hand; the girl that *he* told me was my sister!"

"Hush, hush!" he said. "She's gone;" for Maggie had left the room silently and unobserved. "You do not know what you are saying."

"Oh, yes, I do. He told me—James Barton—the night he came to Rosa Villa."

"Told you that girl was *your sister!*" said the duke in amaze. "My dear girl, try to think and collect yourself a little. Your fainting fit has confused you sadly, I can see."

"No, it hasn't," she said, rising feebly. "I am quite clear, quite strong. I know what I am saying; it's true I tell you; that is the very girl, Margaret Ross."

"I wish I had never let her come," was his grace's mental ejaculation, as she moved towards the table with a feeble step. "She's half delirious, I do believe, and she's like a ghost. What is the girl? Some one—I didn't look like any one a person could take such an antipathy to."

"The young lady's gone, sir," the chambermaid said, arranging the cushion of the sofa.

"Oh, well, I'll see her and thank her by and bye," his grace said. "And you can go, too, my girl; Mrs. Saville's better, now."

"Thank you, sir," she said, in a very different tone from her previous speech. "And thank *you*, ma'am," as Madeline put something into her hand.

"You will tell Miss Ross how grateful I am to her; and you," whispered the duke, "you will speak to her and thank her for me, but don't let her come back again."

"I will thank her for all of us, said Major Bankes. "I am glad to see you better, Mrs. Saville."

"Oh, yes; I'm quite well now—quite well," she said, sitting down again with a violent effort to appear herself again once more; "order up dinner, and forget, if you can, that I was so foolish as to faint."

"She'll be foolish enough as to die before long," muttered the chambermaid, as she went off with the paraphernalia of *sal volatile* and restoratives which had been hastily got together, "and without being able to apologise, I'm afraid. Can't they any of them see she's at death's door, poor thing?"

"That's a pretty modest girl for an actress," said the duke, when they were seated at dinner; "I hardly knew what to say to her; she did'nt look like the sort of girl one could offer anything to, and yet she was very kind and handy."

"Send her a brooch, or a ring, or something, and for goodness' sake don't talk about her any more," said Mrs. Saville, pettishly. "That girl's always coming in my way somehow. I don't like her."

"That's one woman's gratitude to another," said one of the party in a low tone to Major Bankes. "Our beauty is jealous of her fresh charms, perhaps. She is a lovely girl, don't you think so?"

"Very," replied the major, with a sort of shudder. The sight of Margaret Ross had roused all kinds of uncomfortable memories of the time when he had lured away from home a wife and mother not much older, and nearly as beautiful, and oh, how like the young dancer.

"It must be her child," he said to himself, "there is the very mark upon her hand; I saw it when she was bathing that affected dolt's face."

"Why, Bankes, what's the matter?" cried a gentleman across the table. "You look as fierce as Othello."

"Nothing—nothing," he replied, rousing himself, though his face was very white, and the red scar stood out with marked distinctness; and he forced himself to laugh and talk till his momentary depression was forgotten, and he was again the fascinating, agreeable man of the world, and the soul of the party.

People of "his set" always considered Major Bankes a great acquisition to a dinner party—a thorough gentleman, well read, accomplished, and witty; no subject came amiss to him. He had traveled, too; had dined in a tent under the broiling sun of India, and in a snow tent by an Esquimaux fireside; and he had a constant fund of lively anecdote and curious reminiscences. He was always gay, and he was so now; the shadow of a moment passed away from his face as quickly as it had come, and in a few minutes he was the life and soul of the Blackwall dinner party.

CHAPTER XIII.

DINNER TABLE CHAT—A COMMOTION UNDERNEATH—WHAT CAME OUT OF THE RIVER.

Members of the theatrical profession are, generally speaking, a light hearted race, thoroughly enjoying a day's pleasure of any sort, and returning with renewed gusto to their nightly work. Mr. James Barton and his friends of the Albert Theatre formed no exception to the rule, as they sat over their dinner at the Swan. The worthy secretary had taken upon himself the ordering of the entertainment and had been universally complimented upon his taste and judgment in selecting the material of their repast. They one and all, enjoyed themselves, and if not so aristocratic as the Duke of Portarlington's party, were quite as merry and perhaps more sociable.

Their topics of conversation were very different, no doubt, the gentlemen of the theatrical party speculating about new pieces, rises of salary, whether Mr. So-and-so would get his benefit, or whether it was possible the stage manager had noticed Mr. ——'s slight elevation on the previous evening, and if so, whether he would be fined, etc., with other topics equally interesting; while the ladies were indulging in a variety of gossip, unintelligible to the world in general, respecting tarletans and satin, and gold lace, and various other items, interspersed with wonderings who that young gentleman could be who had been in the stage box so many consecutive nights, or who could have left that lovely bouquet at the stage door for Mademoiselle Dolores.

Ma'amselle was not of the party; she had pleaded prior engagement, to the agreeable surprise of the invited generally, for she was by no means a favorite, though she was always included in any invitations out, for she was spiteful in speech and vindictive in disposition, and knew well how to revenge any fancied slight.

Six o'clock was drawing near and their pleasant meeting must come to an end soon; for by half past seven, at the latest, they must be at their post. The room, like that of the duke's party, overlooked the water; and the broad river, in the declining sunlight, glowed like molten gold, which the paddles of the steamers, that plied so busily up and down, broke into myriads of sparkles that flashed and glittered as if some mighty hand were scattering diamonds upon its surface. Even the Thames can be beautiful in some of its many aspects; and from the first floor of the Swan the river steamers, enchanted by the effect of even that slight distance, look pretty and picturesque; while the din of hammers and machinery from the neighboring shipbuilding establishments is sufficiently far off not to interrupt or be offensive.

"I vote we come again next week," said one of the theatrical party. "It's jolly fun; I never was here before. It's better than Richmond."

"Oh, I'm sick of Richmond," said one of the ladies. "A dull, stupid place; there's nothing but the river and the fields, and the trees there; there's no life. Now, I like to see something going on."

"Like the penny steamers, up and down the river," said Barton. "It's a matter of taste, to be sure; I'm very glad you like this."

"Oh, we all like it," said Maggie. "Shall we come again?"

"Oh, yes, yes," chorused the rest, "if Mr. Burn will come."

"Oh, I've no objection," said Willie, "whenever you please. What do you say, Mr. Barton? Shall we have another day of dissipation?"

"If you fix upon next week you'll have to do without me."

"Without you?"

"Yes, I shan't be here."

They looked at him inquiringly, and he went on.

"I'm off to-morrow on some business, and I shall be away some days, so if you want my valuable company you must put off your party till I come back."

Willie waited till he could speak to him unnoticed.

"Are you going north?" he whispered. "Any clue?"

"Yes."

"About her?" indicating Maggie.

"No, about the other one; I can't get at anything about her yet."

"I think I can; your theory will turn out truth, Barton, after all, I fancy."

"I am almost sure it will. Hallo! What's that?"

A slight commotion on the movable landing place below them, that was all. One of the larger steamers which ply to Woolwich and Gravesend had just stopped, and the "Ease her!" 'Stop her?" and all the other commands of the tumbled looking captain on the bridge not having been attended to instanter, or having been misunderstood, she had come against the amphibious construction, half pier, half boat, with a bang which threatened to drive it from its fastenings and send it on a voyage of discovery on its own account. She was gone, however, and no trace of her remained, save in the swaying up and down of the landing stage, and the scared faces of two or three passengers who had been set down there, and expected nothing less than instant shipwreck and annihilation. Still a little knot of men knelt on the edge, looking at something beneath them, and poking at the water with sticks.

"What's the matter?" called Major Bankes, from the window—"any damage?"

"No damage, sir," said a man immediately underneath; "it's a woman, sir."

"A woman! Fallen overboard?"

"Oh, no, sir; been dead some time; got among the piles, they suppose, and the smash has loosed her. Ah, here they come," and he ran off, as two or three policemen made their appearance, with a board and some fishy, damp looking men, with ropes and hooks, who looked and felt and smelt when they were touched as if the mud of the river was their usual abiding place, rather than the dry land and human habitations. The [illegible] them with a kind of instinctive shrinking from them, as if the taint of that foul element often handled, the very presence of the corpses they so frequently drew from that rolling river, clung to their very clothes. They marched on, unheeding, to the edge of the pier, where the filthy water, stirred more violently than usual by the unwonted concussion, was sending up a horrible effluvia, and went to work with a will with cord and hook, like weird fisherman as they were, only that they threw their lines into a river of death for fish that needed no bait to catch it.

Presently they were successful, and the crowd fled backward in horror at the sight of what rose from the water as they tugged and lifted. Up it came, nearer and nearer, till they could stoop and touch it, and they put down their hands and grasped at the rotten clothing, which tore away like tinder, then at the slippery limbs, but with no better success; and at last, with oars and planks and hooks they raised it to the light of day, and laid it down, dripping and loathsome, where the feet of a hundred pleasure seekers had passed only a few minutes before.

"Well," said one of them, wiping his face, "I've had many a hard pull, but I never had such trouble afore. Must have got caught among the piles, I reckon."

"Throw summat over it, mate," said another; "the smell of that water's enough to make a dog sick. It's quite given me a turn."

"It's *this* that's give you a turn," the man replied, throwing and old sack over the object at his feet. "When you've seen as many on 'em as I have, you'll not be so squeamish; you're a young hand at the work, you are."

"And I don't think I shall ever be an old 'un, Bill; I don't like it."

"Oh, gammon; it's nothing when you're used to it; I declare your face is as white as them ladies' up there. Pretty dears, they likes to see anything of this sort, though they'd die if a spider run over 'em, they would."

There is always an attraction in the horrible, and both parties crowded to the windows to see what particular one of its thousand crimes and secrets the river was going to yield to the broad light of day. They were far enough off to be able to see the sight without any of its horrible accompaniments, and they watched the efforts made to draw the terrible object from the water with the kind of fascination which always attends such scenes.

"It's the old story, from champagne and diamonds to the devil by a swift road, I suppose," said a young man in a low tone to Major Bankes, as they stood together watching the efforts of the man underneath; "that's generally the end of the gay life of a pretty woman."

"I suppose so," he replied. "See, they have got her out at last. Ugh! what a horrid object. Must have been dead a week."

Mrs. Saville heard their words, though they were not aware of it, and sinking down into the arms of one of the company near her, he drew her into an ante-room. After a brief rest she returned to the company and went again to the window. What was she thinking of? Was she thinking such might be her fate; had not death laid his hand upon her in the midst of her career? You have dreaded death, Madeline Lennox, dreaded and defied him in your thoughtless moods; if there is aught of woman's nature left in you, lift up your heart to heaven and thank your Maker that you will be taken from the world before such an end comes to your wild career.

"Come farther back from the window," said the duke, quietly drawing her away. "Such a sight is not for ladies' eyes. Give me a glass of wine, Sepham; Mrs. Saville looks quite pale again."

Sepham obeyed with alacrity; he delighted to wait upon and toady any one above him in rank, and he was an humble worshipper of Madeline's charms.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, catching sight of the object the men were lifting, "let's shut the windows and close the blinds till they are out of the way."

"No, don't," said Major Bankes, who had not stirred from his post of observation. "They will all be gone in a minute or two. There is a strange fascination in the horrible, somehow; I feel now as if I should like to know all about the dead woman, who she was, were she came from, what made her commit suicide, if suicide it has been, and all the history of her career."

Better close the window, Major Bankes—better shut out the sight of the form that is being borne towards it. There may be dreadful memories of a buried past beneath that dirty covering yonder; there may be a sight there that will haunt you to your dying day!

"It would be a common place story, I suspect," said one of the party; "country innocence, vanity, girl's love betrayed by some handsome reprobate like yourself, now; downward steps that we hear so much prate about, leading, as we have seen, to the very bottom of the river."

"Really, gentlemen, you have chosen a strange subject for conversation in the presence of a lady," interrupted the duke, as Madeline's cheek burned with a painful flush. "Bankes, do shut the window, and let us have no more of it; it has quite spoiled our enjoyment already."

But Major Bankes was standing outside on the balcony listening intently to the conversation below, and did not seem to hear his grace's request.

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

Said Willie Burn, in a low tone, to Maggie, as they stood together, watching the efforts of the men to lift the body from the water. "There it comes at last! Don't look out, Maggie, dear, they'll bring it past here, and you'd never forget it if you were to see it. Now don't, there's a good girl," he continued, as Maggie, with the curiosity which attends all horrors, lingered at the window.

He drew her out of sight, but not out of hearing of what passed below.

"I'll shut the window," said Mr. Barton, coming forward; but as he raised his hand to the sash, he stopped, catching something of the conversation beneath, and listened intently.

Slowly came the dismal procession from the landing place, four policemen carrying the stretcher, on which lay the terrible thing they had snatched from the river.

Right under the windows they stopped, to let the river men take the places of the others, one of whom was sick and faint already.

"I can't help it, Tom," he said, to one of his companions, "I've handled many a one, but never one like this."

"Nor I," said another, "and I've been a matter of twenty years in the force and about the offices. The world's well rid of her, any way."

"Do you know her? Who was she?"

"Oh, yes, I know her. Her face isn't damaged a bit, and I remembered her in a minute. She was in our office a fortnight ago; she's been the plague of the force these ten years, has Screeching Meg. There wasn't a reformatory as would hold her a week, and she's been in the river a dozen times, I should think."

"What was her right name? I suppose she had some other besides Meg."

"I suppose she had; she'd half a dozen at least. She was described in the sheet as Margaret Matthews, *alias* Mrs. Bankes, *alias* lots of things besides, but she was best known as Screeching Meg. Get on, mates, let's get quit of her, and good riddance."

There was consternation in both the merry dinner parties, and confusion and alarm as the men passed on with their loathsome load; for Major Bankes had rushed through the room and out of the house with a terrible execration; and Maggie Ross lay insensible in the arms of Willie Burn!

CHAPTER XIV.

JAMES BARTON IN EDINBURGH—THE FIFESHIRE MINISTER—THE PROMISED VISIT—THE BABY'S SHIRT.

The night train from London disgorged its passengers at the railway station at Edinburgh on a damp, drizzly morning in September, most of them looking terribly discontented and ill at ease as they emerged, weary and sleepless, and in tumbled and uncared-for toilets, from their moving prisons. First class passengers can be pretty comfortable even on a long journey—cushions and foot warmers and easy rests for elbows and backs are not to be despised, and go far to make the end of a day's travel almost as pleasant as the beginning.

Third class folks have none of these, however, and sore bones and aching heads, and weary irritability are always to be found among the plebeian company in a mixed train, where hard seats, rattling windows, that will neither open nor shut when they are wanted to, currents of cold air to your feet and stifling closeness about your head, make up the sum of a perfect budget of discomforts. Mr. James Barton was no exception to the general rule of discontent as he stepped out of his pen upon the platform.

"Ugh," he muttered, shaking himself. "I'm here at last, thank heaven. Now for some breakfast and a rest and then to business with a will. It strikes me I've come on rather a wild goose chase. I don't even know the name of the person I've traveled all the way from London to seek. She may be dead and buried by this time for aught I know, and her secret with her. Well, it she is, it can't be helped. I'll have a look at Kinghorn while I'm here, and perhaps run over to Perth as well, if I think it worth my while."

He went into one of the many coffeehouses near the station, for he knew none in the city, and didn't care to be magnificent, unless there was some one by to see, and having breakfasted and rested awhile, he sallied forth. He found himself much too early for admittance to the infirmary, however; it was barely ten o'clock, and he wandered about to beguile the time, mentally voting the glorious old city "a dull hole," and seeing nothing in its thousand beauties of situation and as-

sociation. Mr. James Barton was intesely matter-of-fact, and passing through the scenes of thrilling incidents and romances had no interest for him. He only thought it "a confounded bore," and saw nothing in the castle but a miserable old den, or in Holyrood save a very inferior sort of building to Buckingham Palace. He did not penetrate into the interior of either, or he would have been probably more rewarded than ever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Box 3,865 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

WILLIAMSBURGH.—"Four men make up a pool, and mark on time on the race at Narragansett Park, last week. They put in $5 each, and mark as follows:—A marks 2:21¼; B marks 2:21¾; C marks 2:22½; D 2:23. Amount of pool $20. B and D go in partnership with the above pool. Afterwards D sells half of his interest in mark 2:23 for $1,25 to a man named E, and 2:23 wins the pool; how much does E win?".....This question was submitted to us last week, and we made reply in the CLIPPER of July 4th. Our correspondent seems dissatisfied with our reply, and writes us to give the subject longer consideration and see if we did not err in our decision. We *have* given the matter further consideration, but can find no reason to change our opinion. Our correspondent asks clearly enough, "How much does E win?" The whole question hinges on the point of how much money was won by B and D. In a pool of $20 to which they contributed half, the amount won by them was certainly $10. One half of this belongs to B, and D sells half of the remaining share, which is, in the result, $5 winnings and $5 investment. E assumes half of D's investment and *makes* by that operation $1.25, besides *winning* $2,50. We answer now as we answered before. E *wins* $2.50. This appears to us a simple and fair solution of the question.

J. P., TORONTO.—A boat race took place here on the 30th inst., between a part of two different crews. One was a six-oared boat, manned with four men, and the other a four-oared, manned by two. One of the crew of the six-oar broke his oar on the first mile (it was a two mile race), when a third party came up with them and handed them another oar. In the meantime the small boat had passed them, and was ahead a good distance; seeing them, however, receive another oar, they immediately stopped and claimed the race, or they rather rested on their oars, as both boats pulled the course, the large six-oared coming in first. As the judge has refused to decide, I have taken the liberty of writing you for your decision.....The four-oared boat wins the race. The crew of the six-oared boat forfeited all claim by receiving outside aid and assistance in the shape of a fresh oar after the start was made.

R. E. N. H., Philadelphia.—"A bets B that the Athletics will not lose a game while on their tour. Those are the words used at the time of making the bet. The Athletics originally (as it was thought) would end their tour at Erie, Pa., although you will perceive that Erie or any other place was not mentioned at the time the agreement was made. Now, A contends that he wins, their tour ending at Erie. B contends not, insisting that the tour does not end until they return home. Please give your decision."".....Our opinion is that all games played by the club from the time they left Philadelphia until they return are counted in the tour, and that therefore B wins the wager.

COLOR.—To color the face a tawny tinge, like Othello, use Spanish Brown. Previous to using it, the whold face should be rubbed with pomatum, or the color will not adhere. Some persons mix the color with carmine, and wetting it, apply it to the face. You need not color your arms, but use armings dyed with a strong infusion of Spanish annatto. If you wish to change the color of your face before the audience, have a pair of gloves, the inside of which you oil, and the color will stick instantly, as it would be an easy manner to bury your face in your hands.

JAMAICA, L. I.—"A and B each buy a horse for $100 apiece. A's horse is grey, and B's black. Going home they agree to go in partnership in the two horses. A then owns one half the grey and one half the black, or fifty in each; A then sells one half his interest on the grey horse to his brother C for $25. They then trade horse for $115, the black for $85. How much does the brother C make?".....The brother C makes a profit of $3.75; having given $25 for a quarter interest in the grey horse, which interest is sold for $28.75.

BALTIMORE.—A bets M C that Joe Coburn was not the champion on the 26th of May, 1868. Who wins?".....On June 12, 1865, Jimmy Elliott challenged any man in the country for $10,000, and left $5000 at this office to make his word good. Coburn declared himself out of the race. Therefore it was "not for Joseph" to con ider himself as champion, and A wins the wager.

VICTIM, Philadelphia.—"A, B and C play a game of seven-up. All three have but one to go out; A deals, turns up Jack; having a good hand he gives B and C one; has he, A, the right in such a case to give one? If so, who loses the game?".....There was no need of giving one to the other players, because the dealer was out the moment he turned up Jack.

TOM, Bridgeport, Ct.—"A, B, C and D were playing a four handed game of euchre (partners). A deals, turns up a trump, and it passes around to A, who picks it up and plays it alone. B plays it alone against him. A gets three tricks *only*. How many points is he entitled to? 2. Had B any right to play alone against him?".....1. One point only. 2 No.

G. R., Providence, R. I.—Prof. W. Clarke informs us that in the sparring match which took place at his house in San Francisco, Cal., several years ago, between Tommy Chandler and McNiff, now residing in Providence, Chandler had decidedly the best of the meeting.

CRICKET.—1. The Australian Aborigines played against the Surrey County Club. 2. You will find the score of another match in which they have taken part in another column. 3. We do not know positively, but believe it was the same Rogerson. 4. Glass is a recent addition, we understand.

R. R., Paterson, N. J.—Yours is the first complaint that we have ever received against the parties. The probability is, therefore, that your money letter miscarried. That being the case very likely, as it occurs to us often, we cannot publish your card. Less than proof positive would not warrant such a proceeding.

ASBURY, New Orleans, La.—Morphy, Paulsen and several other leading chess players, have played several games at the same time blindfolded, or, what is practically the same thing, without looking on the board.

J. C. C., Baltimore, Md.—1. You are right; see answers to correspondents in last week's CLIPPER. 2. At cribbage, three sixes, one tray and a tenth card count twelve, viz., six for fifteens and six for pair-royal.

J. H.—1 A and B make a wager. A bets B that the Atlantics will beat the Niagaras by a score of 2 runs to 1. B bets they will not. The Atlantics were defeated. Who wins?".....B wins.

GEORGE, Indianapolis, Ind.—1. We don't know the parties personally, but we so dom have complaints about them. 2 Four lines, 20 cents per line each insertion, with 20 per cent. off for three months (13 times) in advance.

E. P. G., Salem.—1. J. H. Farrell is still there, in the same kind of business. 2. We have no reason to doubt Mr. Dexter's probity. 3. Have heard of no arrest.

C. A., Baltimore.—1. A handicap race is one in which the horses are weighted according to their abilities, so as to bring them on an equality. 2. We cannot give an opinion.

Mrs. T. H., Indianapolis.—See our Circus Summary for the movements of the concern. If you mean Willie Henderson, the actor, he is in this city.

ABELARD, Newark.—1. Susan is not playing anywhere at present. 2. She was married again several months ago and is at present living with her husband.

L. M. W., Zanesville.—You can procure all the information you require from W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city. Davidge's work of *Behind the Footlights* explains everything.

R. R.—1. Thirty and fifty cents are the prices generally adopted by minstrel bands when traveling. 2. From twenty to twenty-five dollars a week and traveling expenses.

SOUTH AMERICAN.—A letter sent for her to this office would reach her in less than a week. She is playing with a traveling company.

TRAWETS, Baltimore, Md.—1. See answers to correspondents in last issue. 2. No one believes in the statement that J. Wilkes Booth is still alive.

J. G., Brooklyn.—Jem Ward was called the "Black Diamond" on account of his working among the coal men, and not from any peculiarities of complexion.

JOCKEY, Boston.—When Kitchener rode and won the Chester Cup on Red Deer, his weight, including saddle, bridle and dead weight, was 56lbs. His lowest riding weight was about 3lbs.

J. L. Toronto.—You lose the race. See answer to J. P., Toronto.

SUBSCRIBER, Beloit, Wis.—Dexter made his fastest time—2:17¼—in harness, at Buffalo, last September.

M. C. C., Parkersburg.—The name of the firm will be found among our advertisements.

J. J. B., Washington, D. C.—Thanks for the honor conferred.

PURITAN, Boston.—Yours received and inserted, as you will perceive.

T. M. TYRRELL, Providence, R. I.—The portraits on the fifty cent currency are of F. E. Spinner, the U. S. Treasurer.

C. L. V., Jamesville, Wis.—1. The umpire must call one strike. 2. Items are always acceptable.

N. L., Gallopolis.—You had better advertise for what you want.

T. D. M., Oshkosh, Wis.—Send a deposit, with your challenge, and your offer will be published.

C. C., New Orleans.—1. She is the wife of W. B. Cavanaugh. 2. Emeline is not married. She is at present in this city.

ALASKA, San Francisco.—Lotta has not appeared in "Under the Gaslight" in this or any other city.

RABEY, Petersburg.—We have not heard from Tom for some time.

I. T. B., Washago, Ontario.—The Ormsby you refer to died two or three years ago.

EUCHRE, Pittsburgh.—He should have dealt the same number to himself as he dealt to the others.

C. H. S., Chatham, Ontario.—What distance do you mean? and state whether by run or foot.

BOBBY, West Albany.—State your terms and we will give you an answer.

H. McD., West Roxbury, Mass.—The last commission General Grant received reads "General."

G. W.—Jem Ward weighs at the present time about 220lbs.

J., Philadelphia.—B and C are entitled to two each.

LAFAYAT.—A is right; he can demand the cards to be cut.

W. C., New York.—1. Yes 2. Eurekas 30, Atlantics 10.

HAMLET, New York.—C. G. Gunther, Jr.

KERCHINER, Philadelphia.—They are sisters.

FRANK W., Boston.—He is the original Tony.

L. W., Le Roy.—There is no recognized champion dancer.

C. BETCHEN, Bangor.—You should have sent along a deposit.

JEROME PARK RACES.—The races during the past week at the Jerome Park, as compared to the meeting recently held there, may be set down as a failure, and will convince the management of the association that one meeting, when the races are not of a really high order, is sufficient for the season. Mr. Belmont, or whoever runs the machine at Fordham, had better exercise a little prudence, or the Jerome Park will go down as rapidly as it sprung up. The non-appearance of Kentucky created much disappointment, which might have been obviated by a proper public notice that the "noble animal" had "gone amiss."

HE LOVES A DROP OF GOOD BEER.—Some individual in Quincy, Ill., recently drank one hundred and ten glasses of lager beer in one afternoon. That quantity of lager, we should judge, would be sufficient to bring him to his bier.

"OUT."—McCoole and Coburn were released from imprisonment on the 3d instant, but we think that they have felt more "put out" at staying in than at being discharged.

THE AGE OF SENSATION.

We are passing through the sensational era, of which we evidently have not yet attained the climax. Five years ago, or thereabout, that point was declared to have been reached, as far as literature was concerned, but the stream proved only to have been diverted into a different channel, for the civil war intervened and gave rise to a literature of its own and to the era of sensation sermons. The soul was daily harrowed up by accounts of wholesale slaughter, with all the minutiæ daguerreotyped by the illustrated journals, descriptions of outrages incidental thereto, accompanied by wood cuts displaying human forms in the various attitudes of violent death. Murder most foul stalked abroad without disguise. The novelists sought to keep pace with the increased demand for exciting pabulum, but their most powerful efforts were weak and ineffective beside the simple facts. Clergymen yielded to the force of circumstances and "pitched in" vigorously, heaping anathema upon anathema, and piling Pelion upon Ossa. The old fashioned expounders of doctrine, who formerly contented themselves with the exercise of their true vocation of leading the soul to God, nor fancied it was necessary either to be great orators or to achieve what the world calls "popularity," were driven to the wall by a set of new comers, who virtually transplanted the stage to the pulpit, where they strutted, and, for that matter, still strut with all the energy of high tragedians. The good old sensation dramas will not compare with what are called sensation dramas now—works on which all the appliances of modern art and science are lavished at an expense that would have shaken the nerves of bygone managers but to think of. The plain, unvarnished English prose for which Johnson, Goldsmith and our own Irving were so justly admired, will no longer pay to publish, while a style founded upon the electro-galvanic high-pressure system has almost entirely supplanted it. Novels and novelettes require a vast amount of flirtation and seduction, a familiarity with the thieves' vocabulary which intimates too close an acquaintanceship on the parts of the authors, a dozen murders and a looseness of morals sufficient to corrupt half the rising generation; the great villains figuring as heroes and their victims as "snipes." Editorials must no longer address themselves to reason and common sense; they must be couched in the most violent language, and must delight in the utterance of violent objurgations, low-lived personalities and inflammatory appeals to the passions of readers, who are likely, with their spirits thus riled, to pass the day in quarreling, if they do not proceed to actual deeds of violence. Children pant after sensation, and slip away from home to gratify the passion. To create a sensation appears to be the object for which one half the world lives. A wedding in high life is nothing if not celebrated in a manner and with a disregard to cost which would appal most European magnates. An ordinary newspaper report would be nothing without its embellishments. *Crim. con.* and elopements float before the unsophisticated gaze at the breakfast table, clad in the most extravagant language of rhodomontade. If things progress at this rate the declamation of the drama will be transplanted to our drawing rooms, and every argument in favor of a stricter adherence to nature will be regarded in the light of a plea for dullness.

PROFESSIONALS IN THE SUMMER.

We do not regard ourself, by any means, as having passed the equator of life, yet we are old enough to remember when even the most successful actors and actresses were in some sense prisoners within the city limits, and never thought of rearing their fireside altars beyond the realm of bricks and mortar in which their lot might be cast. The Fishers and the Placides, and the Barrys, and the Barretts, were fain to pass the idle summer months in cramped, ill-ventilated boarding houses, nor ever contemplated nature in her rural garb except as delineated by the scenic artist upon the canvas, and whose only garden was the paint room of the theatre, whose only flower pots, paint pots. A country seat for an actor! As well might he aspire to an actual crown and throne—all of which luxuries he enjoyed upon the stage, but was otherwise debarred from. (No allusion to *Ben* De Bar!) The past quarter of a century has effected a total revolution in that respect. The ban imposed upon members of the theatrical profession as a class has been in a great measure removed, and they are occasionally met in private circles, divested of their paint and feathers and using the language, as well as adopting the habits, of ordinary citizens. Numbers of our prosperous performers dwell in stylish mansions of their own in the most aristocratic portions of the city, and with each recurrence of the "fashionable season," betake them to elegant country seats of their own, where they entertain their urban friends, and indulge to their heart's content in rural sports, varying the duller hours by reading over their favorite parts and getting "up" in those which are to form a portion of the next season's work. The character of the profession is visibly improved by this change of circumstances. The actor cherishes his *amour propre* or justifiable self-pride, and is loth to have it invaded. He associates with the leading citizens, and, although the nature of his profession still preserves the old fiction of a class distinction, he is, nevertheless, to all intents and purposes, a member of society, and quite as fully entitled to participate in its luxuries and privileges as any of the merchants, bankers or brokers who constitute its "pillars," yet are no more industrious than the votary of Thespis, and are certainly not more irreproachable or honest. Like all who respect themselves and attend to their own affairs, the deserving actor has his reward. We can call to mind numbers who are thus pleasantly situated. There is Joe Jefferson, who has just gone on to rusticate at his Pennsylvanian villa; Mrs. Hoey, who passes the summer heats on her estate at Long Branch, and drives the most stylish of barouches; Edwin Booth, who has a country seat somewhere at the eastward; Barney Williams, who resides, we believe, at Bath; the Worrells, who are preparing to hie them to "old Long Island's seagirt shore;" and numerous others whom it is unnecessary to mention. Others again, who are not in the enjoyment of connubial bliss, wander in whatsoever direction fancy leads them, and thus recruit their exhausted spirits for a fresh campaign. Let them enjoy their harmless recreation, for it is well deserved.

CLOSE!

How very close it is! This is the general cry just now, but it will be closer still ere the season comes to a close. Clothes of the coolest kind are in requisition, and a friend lately disclosed to us his opinion that the closer we resembled our original parents, just now, the better for our personal comfort. Even so. But, then, it should be with closed doors. But there is many a shady close where with our "Chloes" we may escape from the tumult of cities and be comparatively cool; that is to say, if we make up our minds not to get too close together. In accordance with their usual custom managers are rapidly closing up; all business men who can do so are closing up for a time; and the dear ladies are packing up their clothes, preparatory to a start for their *villæ rustica*. "Will Ae rush to see us in our country home?" *is* the question that is no doubt uppermost in their minds. We should be inclined to conjecture that he would, for where is the inducement to remain after business hours in the city? We care not how attractive the bill of fare might be at any theatre or hall, it could scarcely induce the most determined sight-seer to resignedly submit himself to the parboiling process (or the opposite sex to the *ma*-boiling operation) however dramatically stew-dious he or she might be. Nice weather this is for putting on a tight collar, especially when the studs are too large for the apertures wherein to fasten them; still more delightful for putting on a tight pair of boots, and far more so when it fails to our lot to polish them ourselves. Talk of a Russian or Turkish bath. What is the prostration consequent thereon compared to that which follows a ten minutes' convulsion on our back, with a contumacious boot flying above us and refusing to be got on at any price? Shade of Webster, on such occasions pardon us if we emulate thee in word-making. Verily, we may say with the gay Parisian—"*Je vous souhaitey (sweaty) le bon soir*," when we meet at theatre or concert, and marvel not when we hear our German friends talking of the "Schweitzer kase." It is a case o'sweat, sir, indeed. Cool lager is more run after at present than that celebrated English ale, cool Burgess—at least on this side of the Atlantic. But take things coolly, good friends, and keep out of hot water this hot weather.

"HAVING FUN."—Much powder and many fireworks were used up in the celebration of Fourth of July, in spite of the law against such practices. The people must vent their patriotism in some way, and burning powder is a favorite method. But there are some uses to which squibs are put that we do not approve of; for instance, on Saturday we saw a vicious boy fasten a pack of crackers to a dog's tail, and fire them off. The *feu de joie* seemed to be anything but a joy to the dog, who yel'ed like he had a horse kick. We rebuked the little savage for his cruelty to the dog, but he dogmatically insisted that he had a right to do so. Our dexter hand moved uneasily as we contemplated giving him a dexterous "punch in the Dutch snoot," but a thought chanced to strike us ere we had a chance to strike him, and we refrained, lest we should be arrested—as he should have been—for "cruelty to brutes."

WANTS WORK.—A young man, who advertises in one of the dailies for a situation as book-keeper, declares that he is willing to black boots. A man so energetic that, in his capacity of book-keeper, he is willing not only to keep books, but to do *boot* blacking to *boot*, ought to be so situated that he need not ask any *boot* off of any one. By the way, talking of bookkeepers reminds us that we have several good ones among our acquaintance. A number of volumes, loaned from our office a good while ago, have not been heard from since.

TROUT FISHING.—Trout were never found in such large numbers as in the vicinity of Maine and New Hampshire this year. On the 27th of June, Capt. John S. Sides, Joseph W. Bell and Mr. Jenness, of the Sportsman's Club, of Portsmouth, N. H., caught in York, Maine, distant from Portsmouth about 12 miles, sixty-two fine trout in one hour, varying in weight from ¾ to 1¼ pounds each. Portsmouth and its surroundings furnish ample opportunities for the "disciples of Isaac Walton," as well as those who cherish the "dog and gun."

GOOD AND BAD EGGS, while selling in Canada for 15 cents per dozen, "fetched" 30 cents in New York. Isn't this latter an egg-tortionate if not fowl proceeding?

4TH OF JULY IN NEW YORK.

The anniversary of our national birth was celebrated with more than customary vim, as far as the city of New York was concerned. The metropolis was in a blaze of glory for twenty four hours such as it has seldom, if ever, experienced before. The day was clear and comfortable—some grumblers insist "that it was too d—d hot for comfort;" but such fault finders are not to be minded. The city was never more full of strangers—the Fifth avenue and the Five Points were alike overrun with visitors bent on doing New York on the 4th, and as if to give due *eclat* to our celebration, and leave nothing undone to entertain, if not awe the strangers, all resident classes put their shoulders to the common wheel to have things go off in true orthodox style. Of fireworks we do not remember to have ever seen a greater or more general display. Everything in the shape of pyrotechnics, from the tiny and unpretending torpedo to the magnificent set piece of national design, was called into requisition to do honor to the occasion; the key cannon, the revolver, the horse pistol, the rifle, away up to the heaviest of cannon helped to make the welkin ring with reliable reports on that great day; two men were murdered in cold blood; numerous other persons were shot "accidentally;" a young German shot his bosom friend through mistake, the victim dying instantly—the other immediately proceeded to the river, jumped overboard and was drowned, and "in death they were not divided." Whiskey flowed like streams of living water, and the oceans of lager consumed passeth understanding—it was such a *dry, comfortable* sort of day. The Schutzenfesters were in their element at Jones' Wood, where the Teutonic beverage did much prevail. Beside drinking beer, eating Bologna, and shooting targets, they varied the operations of the day by shooting a man, the weather was so exhilirating and comfortable like. The Germans are an impulsive race, and stop at nothing when celebrating the festivals of their Fatherland. It was not too cool for bathing, and many of the Schutzenfesters were seen disporting themselves in the watery waves that washed the beach at various places up the river.

Ah! but the most comfortable and attractive spot was the New Tammany Hall, adjoining the superannuated Academy of Music on 14th street. The new hall was inaugurated on that day, and the Democratic Convention assembled there for the first time. You never saw such an anxiety to get in a place as there was to secure a foothold in New Tammany. You might imagine it to be even more comfortable and invigorating inside than it was out, to see with what persistency the saturated crowd sought admittance there. A Dutch Schuetzenfester managed to get in, through mistake, but he soon jumped out of the third story window, saying there was too "tam many for him!" "Our Jim," although not a regular delegate, was admitted through courtesy to the NEW YORK CLIPPER, which has promised to give its undivided support to the New York as well as to the Chicago nominee, or "any other man," such is its friendly and impartial character. "Jim" says—"The speakers got off some clever little jokes, but I must do 'em the injustice to say that several of 'em was mine, having been originally invented by me as a comic writer for the press; of the stump speeches I am not so positive—I *thought* I recognized some of my old stumps, but I *would* not like to attempt to fasten on 'em the guilt of converting them to their own use and originality. They're a cheerful set, and I think when the boys git in good workin' order, there'll be some lively times in the New Tammany. I haint much of a politicianer now, but the boss knows the little game from big a to izzard. I think if Salmon P. Pendleton don't git the nomination, he won't be fur off. George Chase *may* git it if his puss doesn't give out. There's two or three others may git it, too, but it isn't safe to bet on such a sure thing. I think, by the looks of things, that at least one of 'em will git it. Dan Rice wants it, too; but I think he rides too many horses at wonst—it wants a one-horse man to ride in; besides Dan *talks* too much. Now, there was old Win. Scott; *he* talked too much, and he didn't git it. I think if they was to unite on any *one* man, he might git the nomination; but, as I said before, I hain't much of a politician." So much for "our Jim" and his experience at New Tammany.

The day was generally observed by all classes, and our visitors will no doubt leave us more than ever impressed with the glory and grandeur of New York and the greatness of its people. Some of them will "go broke," but that's no fault of ours. We took them in, and if they choose to go astray the fault must rest with themselves. The 4th was a dry, comfortable day, and our celebration passed off with extraordinary *eclat*.

THE PEOPLE'S HOROSCOPE.

As the war was approaching to a conclusion our ears were regaled with the delightful assurance that the taxes were to be abated and that the cost of living and of all things in general demand would be proportionally reduced. Everybody looked forward eagerly to that wish'd for consummation. There were to be no more political squabbles, and a race of official incumbents was to ensue who would set an example for honesty and integrity, who would be above the suspicion of accepting a bribe, and who would re-establish the equilibrium between cash and currency, as well as abolish the animosity heretofore existing. We are willing to believe that such is the tendency of a majority of our ruling classes when not subjected to influences which it is not in human nature to resist; but, whatever the cause may be, it is undeniable that the case has been precisely the reverse of all this. Our expenses, instead of being lessened, have increased at a frightful ratio; California and the Indies, which were once the synonyms for extravagance, now figuring favorably by the comparison. What we get, too, for our money, is more often a cheat and a sham. Our cloth is often "shoddy;" the very necessaries of life are adulterated; so are the drugs we take to countervail them. This is, perhaps, after all, a natural sequence, but we are not prepared to admit that there is no remedy. We learn that it is now proposed to lay a heavy additional tax upon the theatres, in two different shapes, the entire sum of which, as it is not regulated altogether according to receipts, would in some instances equal the profits, and, possibly, leave the managers in debt. That the screws have not again been applied to the newspapers is due, perhaps, to their influence. Thus genius, as of old, must be the sufferer, and the public also; for, should such a plot succeed, what manager could longer afford to make terms with the highest talent available? There is, evidently, a cat in the meal tub, and we think we can scent it. Men take office now-a-days principally as a means of making money. Indeed we have had many notable instances of the fact. Suppose, then, that for every little "job" brought to their notice Congressmen should be allowed to receive a commission. A regular sliding scale might be established. For instance, let the taxes be hereafter regulated by those who have the longest purses to pay from. Likewise place a tax upon the revenue itself, and let a due proportion of the proceeds thereof be assigned to each member. Let the public domain be divided among them. By such means much official peculation would be prevented. It this would not cure the evil we are at a loss for a suggestion.

HIS MISSION.—Napoleon is reported to have said, in a recent speech, "I have nothing to fear from assassins as long as the mission assigned me by Providence is unfulfilled." That Mexican scheme of his, we were told, was part of that *mission*, but the *permission* of Uncle Sam not being *obtained*, the impression *obtained* in many quarters that it would fail, which impression was verified. We think his failure was *a sign* that he was not *assigned* by Providence to any such work, and he maybe mistaken as to the *balance* of his mission. However, we will *wait* and see.

ABOUT MATRIMONY.—Taine, the French author, who compared the marriage ceremony to the 5th act of "Robert le Diable," has just been getting married himself. Well, that is easily accounted for. No doubt the author intends to compose some work on the subject of marriage, and thinks that experience would cause him to realize more fully the miseries of matrimony, and enable him to write a more intense work on the subject, and thus benefit mankind by the powerful warning he could give. It is not the first instance of self-sacrifice for the good of others.

FEARFUL FALL.—From the west we hear a story of an "Indianian and his wife falling asleep in their wagon, to which was attached a *blind* horse, the whole party soon after being picked up at the bottom of a precipice one hundred feet in height." Not a very *whole* party, we guess, when picked up in the *quarters* where they were found, for such a fall would be apt to make a few *pieces*. This is the first instance of that kind of a *fall* that we have heard of this *summer*. Parties who desire to be kept whole should not trust to a blind horse that goes it blind with such recklessness.

DEATH OF A DETECTIVE.—Lafayette C. Baker, the well known government detective, died in Philadelphia at an early hour on Friday morning, July 3d, aged 43. He was born in Stafford, N. Y. The funeral took place from his late residence, No. 1,737 Coates street, Philadelphia, on Monday, July 6

EUCHRED.—John Bower has lost his wife, some chap having run away with her. The wife is not a *right* bower, though the husband is a *left* Bower, while the man who went off with the woman is certainly a knave.

HANDICAP BAGATELLE MATCH ON THE FOURTH.—The following are the names of those who played at the Brewery Shades, No. 343 Forty-first street, on the Fourth, for the works of Shakespeare:—The Black Diamond and Harry Smith were the first two who played, the latter being allowed fifteen points out of one hundred and one; second, George Sherwin and Jem Carson; third, John Dunn and John Faber, the latter getting ten points start; fourth, John Webb and Tom Harris, the former getting five points. Faber, Smith, Sherwin and Harris were thrown out. Carson and Dunn then played, Dunn losing. Webb and the Diamond next played, the latter losing. There remaining only Webb and Carson to contend for the prizes, they had a well contested game, which the foamer won, the score standing Webb, 101; Carson, 85. In consequence of the intense heat, the other two prizes for Burns and Moore, at shuffleboard and skittles, were not played, but will come off at the above named place on the 11th inst.

SWI GLASS LAGER.—We hear that at the Saengerfest picnic held at Quinting Park, Milwaukee, Wis., on June 28th, sixteen hundred kegs of beer were consumed by the thirsty Teutons present. Messrs. Best & Co., brewers, donated a cask in which five tops had been closed and from which *eight thousand* glasses were drawn. Notwithstanding this large supply, so great was the demand that all was exhausted by eight o'clock P. M. This will show how dearly a Dutchman loves his lager—especially Milwaukee; 1,600 kegs and 8,000 glasses in twelve hours! We pass.

THE TRIGGER.

THE THIRD GRAND FESTIVAL OF THE NATIONAL AMERICAN SHARPSHOOTERS' ASSOCIATION.

An Immense Crowd at Jones' Wood.

RECORD OF THE SHOOTING.

The Third National American Sharpshooters' Festival commenced at Jones' Wood on Saturday, 27th ult., and ever since then the Teutonic element has held supreme and undisputed sway in the metropolis; indeed, a stranger, unaware of the real facts of the case, would be led to infer that he had entered the limits of some large city of the German Confederation, instead of the principal city of the United States, by the faces and sugar of the principal city of the United States, by the faces and sugar of the principal city of the United States, by the faces and sugar

AQUATIC.

ROWING REGATTA ON CHARLES RIVER.

Single and Double Scull, Four and Six-Oared Races.

PROFESSIONALS VERSUS AMATEURS.

THE WARD BROTHERS DEFEAT THE HARVARD AND ST. JOHN CREWS.

TIME 19 MINUTES, 19¼ SECONDS.

For years past the citizens of the Hub have been noted for their devotion to aquatic sports, and the City Fathers, recognizing the importance of physical culture, and desirous of encouraging the youth of that, as well as other sections, to cultivate a taste for the same, have made a rowing regatta one of the main features of the annual celebration of the birthday of the nation, and as they have taken the lead of all other cities in the liberality of the prizes offered for competition, the Charles river has in consequence long constituted the rendezvous for the majority of our prominent oarsmen, who journeyed there from all parts of the country where the sport has obtained a firm foothold, and those who take an interest in aquatic pastimes seldom failed to be in modern Athens on the day when they could by any possibility make the connection. More extensive preparations were made for the event this year than customary, and the amount of money offered in prizes was much in excess of that given in former years, and it was expected that this would induce the attendance of a greater number of crafts than usual, and thereby enhance the interest taken in the affair and insure the satisfaction of all who should attend. The day broke beautifully clear and bright, not a speck dimming the expanse of blue overhead, but as the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens the heat diffused by his rays became almost unbearable, and as scarcely a breath of air was stirring, it deprived the occasion of much of the pleasure which it would otherwise have afforded those who were present. Notwithstanding this serious drawback, which doubtless had the effect of keeping many away, especially of the fair sex, whose brilliant complexions would have suffered not a little from exposure to the scorching rays of the glowing orb above, over twenty thousand spectators, many of them ladies, assembled along the mill dam walk, looked out of the windows or gathered upon the roofs of the houses facing the stream, were huddled together on the sheds and outbuildings in the vicinity of the starting point, or were packed away like sardines on board the small steamer chartered by Wm. Blake, or were seated in the smaller craft, which swarmed upon the course like bees about a bed of spring flowers. A more brilliant and animated scene was never before witnessed on the Charles river, while the weather was in pleasing contrast to that experienced the previous four or five years, and for this reason the crowd were willing to brave the ills that flesh was heir to on the occasion patiently. The starting point was from a line drawn from the Union Boat Club House to the schooner Ella, which lay at anchor immediately opposite the foot of Mount Vernon street, occupied by the City Committee, consisting of J. D. Braman, H. T. Rockwell, M. F. Wells, Ed. E. Batchelder and Geo. P. Dalrow, as also R. F. Clark, (chairman and starter), G. T. W. Braman, John Morrison and E. B. Buckingham, of the judges, members of the press and a few others. Wm. Blake and E. A. Fenno were on board the Harvard steamer acting as patrol judges, and Messrs. H. B. Rice and D. J. Sweeney were the judges at the lower stake. Half past ten o'clock was the hour announced for the races to commence, and with a proper regard for the feelings of those who were exposed to the intense, burning heat, which wilted collars and quickly "took the starch out" of shirt bosoms, the starting judge caused the cannon to be fired promptly, calling the men into line for

THE FIRST RACE—SINGLE SCULLS.

The inaugurative event was for single scull wherries, distance two miles, for prizes of $100 to the first and $50 to the second, and the following boats responded to the call, taking up positions in the order given, No. 1 being next the Mill Dam:—

Flirt, pulled by Walter Brown, paper, colors blue. No. 1.

Cold Spring, pulled by John Hancon, mahogany shell, colors red. No. 2.

No Name, pulled by John Tyler, Jr., paper, colors white. No. 3.

It had been expected that Josh. Ward, Coulter, and, perhaps, Hamill, would enter for this event, but Ward having entered for the six and four oared contests, concluded it would be unadvisable to do so; the "Little Engine" wasn't on hand, and though Coulter was there, he, to the great disappointment of those who wished to see him "extend" himself, for some reason saw fit to keep out. There was some little betting indulged in, but those who had witnessed the prior races between Brown and Tyler, or were "in the ring" and had reliable information that the boot would be on the other leg this time, didn't care to risk their stakes on what they considered a hippodrome arrangement, or offered odds of 2 and even 3 to 1 on the Portlander. At about eleven o'clock the word was uttered and an admirable send-off obtained, Brown, as usual, getting away quickest, with Tyler close in pursuit and Hancon last. For the space of three hundred yards a beautiful struggle was witnessed between the two leading boats, Hanson dropping farther and farther astern at every sweep made by his more youthful rivals. The flood gates half-a-mile down were reached with Brown two lengths or so in advance of Tyler, both pulling splendidly. The former had slightly widened the distance between the boats, when the turning stake was reached, and making a capital turn, straightened up with additional advantage. Tyler, in endeavoring to round short, miscalculated his distance and drove his boat against the stake with such force as to imbed his cut-water in the bow of the latter, and ere he could extricate himself from this unfortunate predicament, Hancon had turned and was nearly ten good lengths to the front. Brown was now a long way ahead, and for the balance of the race, took things leisurely until within a few yards of home, when, in response to the salutations which greeted him, he put on a magnificent spurt and darted across the line a winner by over a dozen good lengths in 15:35, Hancon, who pulled hard all the way, following in 15:59, and Tyler, who after the collision, seemed to give up all hope of taking even the second prize, didn't wish to endanger his chance of capturing the first prize in the double scull race by over exertion, pulling home slowly and reaching the mark in 16:56. Had the accident alluded to not happened the time would have been much better, as it would have been necessary for the Bostonite to have made some sort of a show and thereby hurried Brown along.

THE SECOND RACE

was for double scull boats, distance two miles; first prize $100, second prize $50. The booming of the cannon called the boats into line a few minutes after the conclusion of the opening race, the entries being six in number, as below:—

No Name, rowed by John Tyler, Jr., and Jos. S. Fay, Jr., paper, colors green. No. 1.

Gertrude, rowed by Charles and T. W. Halm, lapstreak, colors blue. No. 2.

Francis Low, rowed by W. R. Bagnall and W. F. Low, shell, colors red. No. 3.

Unknown, rowed by Holdrege and Willis, shell, colors yellow. No. 4.

L'Hirondelle, rowed by T. F. Butler and M. F. Wells, shell, colors white. No. 5.

Lizzie, rowed by P. J. Brennan and A. McKee, shell, colors black. No. 6.

The Unknown obtained the best of the start, with the No Name and Lizzie close up, and for the space of a quarter of a mile the race was closely disputed by the trio mentioned, but here the long, sweeping, even stroke of Tyler and Fay, whose pulling was the subject of universal commendation, told perceptibly against their opponents, and they quickly opened a gap of a length which they had nearly trebled at the time of rounding the buoy, at which time the Unknown led the Lizzie a length and three quarters, the L'Hirondelle fourth, three lengths behind the latter and a length before the Gertrude, with the Low almost out of the race. The crews of all except the Low, which was withdrawn shortly after turning, now bent to their blades with a will, but it was apparent that the real contest lay between the No Name and Unknown, in which consequently the interest of the lookers-on was centered, and the friends of the respective oarsmen urged them on with cheers and shouts of encouragement. Tyler and Fay were too much for their opponents, however, and steadily increasing their lead, inch by inch, they swept past the line winners by about seven lengths in 14:24½, the Unknown second in 14:46½, L'Hirondelle third in 15:10½, Lizzie fourth in 15:10¾—the race home between the two last named being exceedingly fine—and the Gertrude last in 15:54¾. Considering the brief period Tyler was allowed to recover from the tax upon his powers in the first race, the victory was the more creditable, and he won fully deserved, for their handsome display of oarsmanship, the praise so lavishly bestowed upon them at the finish by the spectators. After the lapse of a few minutes the discharge of the grim "dog of war" on board the Ella signalled the boats to fall into line for

THE THIRD RACE—SIX-OARED BOATS.

This was the principal feature of the regatta, and the most intense interest was centred in it because of its bringing together the champion professional and amateur six-oared crews of the country—the celebrated Ward brothers and the scarcely less famous Harvard University crew—and the fact of its involving a test of skill between the representative oarsmen of the two classes, caused it to be regarded as an event of greater importance than any of an aquatic character which has ever taken place upon our waters. Additional interest was imparted to it, also, by the fact that the entry list included a crew from St. John, N. B., who were said to be superior to any from that section which had yet dipped their oars in American waters, and whose adherents spoke confidently of their ability to leave their antagonists in the lurch. All who had witnessed the Harvard's rowing unhesitatingly admitted that they were the finest six that the University had ever boasted of, and the extreme confidence that they reposed in themselves was shown by the bold challenge which they threw out to the renowned Oxford crew, of Oxford University, England, offering to allow them their own way in everything, but thus far the Britishers have declined to come to any definite arrangement, replying to the communications of the Harvards in a very unsatisfactory manner. The College crew is the same as that which defeated the Yale at Lake Quinsigamond last year, except Edwards, whose place was filled by Jno. McBurney, brother of Chas. McBurney, who was bow oar in '66 when Wm. Blakie was stroke of the crew. They had been working long and hard to secure that perfection of physical condition which excited the admiration of those who gazed upon these magnificent specimens of manhood, as, denuded of all but drawers, and their caps of red, they took preliminary exercise upon the course, their eyes sparkling with health, their countenances indexing the unwavering confidence they felt within, and their deep'y bronzed skin knotted with great lumps of muscle, apparently hard as iron itself, and no wonder that their friends were so enthusiastic in their support, wagered their money and backed up their opinions so lavishly and spoke with such certainty of their achieving the victory over the champion professionals, whose escutcheon is emblazoned with so many brilliant triumphs.

Previous to the day the betting had been largely in favor of the Harvards, and in the pools sold the night prior the Wards ranked at the rate of fifty to one hundred—even greater odds being offered in some instances—while the St. Johners were scarcely mentioned in connection with the race, their chances being regarded as utterly hopeless, notwithstanding the statement that at home they were looked upon as the masters of the Paris crew, who obtained so handsome a victory on the Seine, but can't apparently be induced to risk the laurels already in their possession, by meeting the Ward four in a match race. The distance in this contest was three miles, one mile and a half to a stake boat and return, and the prizes offered were $500 to the first, and $100 to the second boat—the most liberal of any ever offered, probably because the college crew were booked to win, sure. Having no six-oared boat of their own, the Wards were kindly loaned one by the Harvards—that belonging to the junior class—and the inferiority of this craft was what, to some extent, served to influence the betting in favor of the Collegians so strongly. The boats came into line at the signal in the subjoined order:—

"Howard E. Troop," of St. John, N. B.—Crew, G. O'Neil (bow), Dennis McCaffrey, Henry Lord, James Gorham, Ed. McCauley and Ed. Woodworth (stroke); lapstreak, 47 ft. 6 in. long, 32 in. wide, about 200 lbs. in weight; built by Coyle; colors, white. No. 1.

"Harvard University."—Crew, George Holdredge (bow), W. W. Richards, Jno. McBurney, W. H. Simmons, R. C. Watson and Alden P. Loring (stroke); shell, 21 in. wide, 175 lbs.; built by C. B. Elliott; colors, red. No. 2.

"Chas. A. Peverelly."—Crew, Joshua Ward (bow), Ellis Ward, Josef L. Raymond, Gilbert Wood, Charles Ward and Henry Ward (stroke); shell, 22 in. wide, 175 lbs.; built by McKay; colors, yellow. No. 3.

The eyes of the vast multitude were bent eagerly upon the respective crews as they backed into line and steadied themselves for the start, the enthusiastic reception which the Harvards met with evincing plainly which way their sympathies were directed, although each of the other crews was greeted cordially. The Biglin brothers, John and Barney, John Blew Coulter, Brown and another had purposed entering, as likewise a six from Springfield, but they failed to respond to the call. Although the Wards were not attired in a manner to display their muscular development so effectively as the favorites, the quiet look of self confidence which shone out of their lustrous eyes, the steel like appearance of the sinews standing out grandly upon their arms, and the ease of their action, re-assured those of their friends who may have become a trifle frightened by the extent of the quotations in favor of the Collegians, as well as gave the supporters of the latter a better opinion of the Hudson Highlanders, all of which had the effect of bringing down the odds to 100 to 80, and before they started the state of the market was at evens and the betting heavy. A few minutes before twelve o'clock the warning, "Are you ready?" followed immediately by the word "go" was given, and the boats sped from the line, but upon the second stroke one of the Harvards broke his oar at the button, and the judges perceiving it they called upon the other boats to return, which the Wards, who had the lead, did instantly, but the St. John men, regardless of the cries of "come back, come back," which resounded on every side, accompanied by hisses and other manifestations of disapprobation, continued to pull away for the distance of about fifty yards, when wisely concluding that they would gain nothing pecuniarily and lose a deal in reputation by going on, for the judges having sole control in such a race would assuredly have decided against them if they had put in a claim for the money by going over the course, they pulled back to the starting line. A match race, where an equal amount of money is put up by either party, is altogether different from a race for a purse of this character, in which the crews participating row more for reputation than pecuniary compensation, and in which neither party really risks anything in a pecuniary way. The handsome conduct of the Wards in stopping at once was duly recognized by nine times nine, given with a will, and this incident elevated them vastly in the estimation of the Bostonians, showing, as it did, that they desired to take no advantage whatever, but to win, if they could, only upon their merits. The Harvards having pulled into the boat house and obtained a new oar, which was thought to be inferior to the other, and the oarsman being unused to it, it doubtless operated to their disadvantage to some extent, the boats again took up their positions, the word was given without delay, and bending to their sweeps, the rival crews sent their shells leaping through the calm waters, as though propelled by superhuman agency. The St. Johns jumped away with a slight lead, but they maintained it only a brief period, the Harvards sweeping by them grandly, only a quarter of a length ahead of the Cornwall heroes, whose long-telling stroke and fine action, as steady as the movements of the town clock, drew forth much praise, and enabled them to gradually close the slight gap and forge slowly but certainly ahead of the collegians, whose style of pulling, although exceedingly fine, is not equal in beauty and steadiness to that of the Wards, and their oars seemed to obtain less purchase than was noticeable in those of the latter. The St. John's crew presented a marked contrast to both, sitting bolt upright in their boats and pulling a much shorter and seemingly far less powerful stroke. A silence deep and almost breathless had reigned over that vast assemblage, while all eyes were intently watching for the start; but as soon as the boats were speeding away down stream their pent-up feelings burst forth in huzzas and encouraging cries from the partisans of the respective crews, and some of the more excitable rushed along the shore for some distance urging on their favorites. A new impetus was given to those of a speculative turn of mind, and stacks of treasury notes were wagered upon the result. One hundred yards from home the Wards commenced to go away from the College six and notwithstanding the determination with which the latter plied their oars, exerting themselves as they never did before to secure the laurels which they saw slowly slipping from their grasp, the New Yorkers continued to increase the distance between the boats until a mile had been traversed, thirty yards separated them, and this was increased to at least fifty when one third the distance was completed, the St. John men being about forty yards behind the Harvards. The latter now redoubled their efforts, and the Wards not considering it necessary to put on any more steam, they had decreased the distance separating the craft to less than four lengths, with which advantage the Ward boys rounded, and putting on a strong spurt after straightening up, this, aided by a rather clumsy turn on the part of the Collegians, enabled them to again take up a commanding lead, which rendered the issue a foregone conclusion. The friends of Harvard now looked very glum, while the state of affairs exercised a proportionately joyful effect upon the adherents of the profess'onals from the Empire State, whose stock was now "away up," and cries of "100 to 20 that the Wards win this race" found no takers. The contest coming home was nearly as exciting as that on the downward pull, the Varsity crew making desperate efforts to recover their lost ground, but the Wards answered spurt for spurt, and, without raising their level best by any means, maintained the distance which they held at the turn, and ultimately dashed across the score nine lengths to the good, in 19:19½, which if necessary they could have cut down some seconds lower. The Harvards' time was 19:45½, and that of the St. John men 20:20. The winners were most cordially greeted after their handsome victory over the pet crew of the Hub, which all Boston thought invincible, the masculine species, losers as well as winners, shouting lustily in their praise, the ladies waving their perfumed cambrics, bands playing, steam whistles screeching and bells clanging gleefully. Upon coming up the Harvards also received a rousing welcome, which they richly deserved, for if ever a crew worked hard to win they certainly did, and they bore their altogether unlooked for defeat as become men, joining heartily in doing honor to the Wards, which the latter as earnestly returned. We neglected to remark that this race was arranged originally to take place after the four-oared, but as the Wards had entered for the latter, the Harvards, not desiring to meet them except upon equal grounds, requested the committee to alter the programme so that the Wards might be perfectly fresh when they encountered them, that the contest might really decide the respective claims of the rival crews, for which generous action they deserve great praise, especially as it was entirely unsolicited, and prompted solely by their own desire for a fair test. The St. John men also paid their compliments to the Wards after their return and then pulled immediately in to their *rendezvous*, donned their clothes and disappeared, no doubt deeply chagrined at the result; they would undoubtedly have made a much better display had they possessed a boat anything like equal to that of either of their competitors. The Harvard six are as fine a looking crew as ever sat in a boat, and they have no cause to feel ashamed because they were defeated by such old, experienced oarsmen as the Wards, who head the list of those who make rowing a profession. They are worthy representatives of the amateur boat pullers of the States, and should they succeed in their endeavors to induce the Oxford crew to meet them, we need entertain no fears but that they will give a satisfactory account of themselves. Probably a much larger amount of money depended upon the issue of this race than any which was ever before decided upon those waters. Aside from the speculation which it is reasonable to suppose was indulged in in other parts of the country, the betting fraternity of Boston backed the College crew almost to a man, and so assured were they of victory that they, prior to the day of the race, were ready to give any odds within reason. The friends of the Wards, after being convinced that merit only would decide the race, did not allow themselves to be dismayed at this state of affairs, but quietly accepted the odds offered, and consequently took the Bostonians into camp to a very lively tune. It will be a long time before such another contest occurs, we think, although there is some talk of bringing these crews together again for a large prize, as the Harvards seem to think that they might have turned the tables upon their opponents had it not been for the mishap which occurred, and their being compelled to use an inferior oar. In a few minutes the boats were called into line for

THE FOURTH RACE.

This was for four-oared boats, distance three miles, first prize, $200, second prize, $75. The entries were eight in number, but of these only three came to the mark, as below:—

"George Roahr"—Crew, G. Faulkner, (bow); M. Foley, P. Regan and A. Gallagher, (stroke); colors black. No. 1.

"C. V. Buning"—Crew, Jos. Geoffrey (bow); T. Owens, T. Scanlan, and T. Cleary, (stroke); colors purple. No. 2.

"Cornwall Boy"—Crew, Josh Ward (bow), Gil Ward, Charley Ward and Hank Ward (stroke); colors yellow. No. 3.

The boat used by the Wards was much inferior to the others, being a six-oared boat from which two of the outriggers had been removed, also borrowed from Harvard. The crew manning the Roahr was that constituting the old McClellan four, and the What Cheer crew pulled the Buntings. The Wards obtained the best of the start, followed by the Roahr, well up, and after a mile had been covered taking the lead. At the stake-boat the latter was about three lengths ahead, the Bunting less than a length behind the Wards. The New Yorkers tried to take the inside position, which, if they had obtained, would have enabled them to head off the Roahr, but the attempt caused the Bunting to strike them, when they immediately gave up the race, which was well contested home by the Roahr and Bunting, the former crossing the line a-head in 22:27½, and the Bunting in 22:30. The Wards pulled home leisurely, and put in a claim of foul, but after the statement of the parties and the stake judges had been taken, the board of judges decided that as they were not a clear length ahead, the claim was not admissable, and the second prize was awarded to the Buntings. The winners were afterwards presented with the prize by Judge Sanger, on board the Ella. Thus terminated the regatta, which all present who knew whereof they spoke acknowledged to be the most interesting and enjoyable, barring the intolerable heat, which ever formed part of the celebration on the Charles river; and those having charge of affairs deserve credit for the completeness of their arrangements, and the wisdom characterizing their management of the jubilee.

SAILING REGATTA IN BOSTON HARBOR.

The introduction of a sailing regatta, in addition to the numerous other attractions presented by Boston above every other city of the Union on the "Fourth" during the past few years, has met with so much favor that a much larger number of spectators than usual gathered at the course on the "Fourth of July." The location was changed from City Point, as formerly, to Long Wharf, a change of location more acceptable to the yachtmen, but affording less facilities for witnessing the regatta from the shores. The wind, too, was unfavorable, being very light. The judges were as follows;—Capt. Jno. T. Gardner, (Chairman) Commodore; D. H. Follett, Capts. A. C. Cary, J. G. Lovell and Geo. W. Ball, who occupied the "Nettie," anchored off Long Wharf and at a good distance from the flag-boat, which was the revenue cutter.

THE FIRST RACE

was between yachts, measuring thirty-eight feet and upwards, on the water line. Six boats were entered in the judges' books, and all but one, the Glimpse, appeared in answer to the calling gun of the Nettie, which was fired at precisely half-past eleven o'clock, the advertised time; and for this punctuality the judges should receive all praise. The boats came into line, the smallest to the windward, in accordance with the rules and regulations. They wore, and took, position as follow:—

Sch. Edwin Forrest, John Low, keel, 68 feet, 9 inches.
Sloop Pilgrim, Augustus Lothrop, centre board, 41 feet, 7 inches.
Sch. Phantom, W. W. McField, keel, 73 feet, 10 inches.
Sch. Juniata, Thomas Manning, centre board, 76 feet, 6 inches.
Sloop Tartar, Charles A. Hayden, centre board, 58 feet.

Twelve o'clock the starting cannon was fired, and the yachts made off. The Pilgrim took the lead, was followed by the Tartar, Juniata, Edwin Forrest, and Phantom. The Edwin Forrest made a bad start, but did not lose a great deal thereby. The course laid down and followed was as follows:—

Down the harbor, leaving Slate Ledge, the Upper Middle and Fort buoys on the starboard, and Governor's Island and Lower Middle buoys on the port; down Broad Sound, leaving Ram Head buoy on the starboard and Fawn Bar on the port; rounding Bell buoy off the northeast ledge of the Graves; returning by way of Boston Light, leaving Red buoys outside of the Brewsters on the starboard, through the Narrows, leaving Nix's Mate buoy, Fort buoy, Upper Middle buoy and Slate Ledge buoy on the port, and the Lower Middle buoys and Governor's Island on the starboard, to the Judges' boat. The distance of the course was about twenty-three miles.

Off Long Island the Juniata was about a mile ahead of all in its class, and the Forrest led the Pilgrim, Phanton and Tartar a little; the last three were in a string. Just beyond Long Island the Forrest gained rapidly on the Juniata, and the Tartar managed to get a little ahead of the Phantom.

The Juniata was the first to arrive of its class. It came up to the Judges' boat, and was welcomed by the salute at 58 minutes and 6 seconds after 4 o'clock, and was followed by the Pilgrim in a minute and nine seconds. But, making allowance for size, the Pilgrim was announced as the winner of the first prize for centre boards, and the Juniata the second. The Forrest was the third of this class, the arrival of the 2 minutes and 20 seconds past 5 o'clock; the Phantom was the fourth, at 47 minutes and 23 seconds after 5 o'clock; and the Tartar the fifth, at 55 minutes after 5. The time made was as follows:—

Name.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.	Name.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.
Pilgrim	4	58	15	Phantom	5	47	23
Juniata	4	58	6	Tartar	5	55	—
Forrest	[illegible]						

THE SECOND RACE.

Immediately after the yachts in the first race were started those entered for the second race were called by the judges' gun. Fifteen entries were made, but only thirteen appeared on the line. The entries were as follows:—

Sch. Mercury, Capt. John Greer, keel 31 feet — inches.
Sloop Starlight, Capt. F. S. Wright, keel 36 feet 3 inches.
Sloop Napoue a, William Smith, centre board, 34 feet 4 inches.
Sloop Mary, William Smith, centre board, 32 feet 4 inches.
Sloop Lizzie Ella, John McManus, keel 35 feet 4 inches.
Sloop China, A. E. Gill, centre board, 27 feet 9 inches.
Sloop Clytie, John B. Herreshoff, centre board, 34 feet 6 inches.
Sloop Columbia, A. and C. E. Russ, keel 37 feet 9 inches.
Sloop Mist, J. H. Pitman, keel 30 feet 8 inches.
Sloop Xanthia Gerrish, Frenche & Co., keel 26 feet 10 inches.
Sloop Fanchon, D. S. Stone, centre board, 26 feet 1 inch.
Sloop Scud, Thomas R. Cooper, Dorchester, centre board, 31 feet 2 inches.
Sch. Joseph, James Turner, Hull, keel 33 feet 9 inches.

The Clytie obtained decidedly the best of the start, taking the main channel, followed by the Fanchon, which likewise obtained an excellent start; the balance in a rush. The course laid down was as follows:—

Down the harbor, leaving Slate ledge, the Upper Middle and Fort buoys on the starboard, and Governor's Island and Lower Middle buoys on the port; down West Way, leaving Thompson's Island on the starboard, Spectacle Island on the port, round west head of Long Island to the Narrows, leaving Rainsford Island on the starboard, Fort Warren on the starboard, Galloupe's Island on the port, Lovell's Island on the starboard; and return, leaving Nix's Mate on the port, and passing up between Sound Point Beacon and east end of Long Island, leaving Lower Middle and Governor's Island buoys on the starboard, Fort buoy, Upper Middle buoy and Slate Ledge buoy on the port to the judge's boat. The distance was about fifteen miles.

The Clytie led the fleet to Gallop's Island, about seven minutes in advance, but lost off Spectacle Island. Here she took the current or the tide, while the Napoleon, which by this time was her principal rival, kept off to the windward. The Napoleon came in ahead of all others in its class, the Clytie next, the Columbia next, the Lizzie Ella Fourth, the Fanchon fifth, the China sixth, the Mary seventh, the Mercury eighth, the Starlight ninth, and the Mist tenth. The Napoleon arrived at just four o'clock, and the time of these several yachts was as follows:—

Name.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.	Name.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.
Napoleon	3	22	54	China	4	17	30
Clytie	3	34	4	Mary	4	18	43
Columbia	3	32	34	Mercury	4	21	—
Lizzie Ella	3	48	31	Starlight	4	34	7
Fanchon	3	54	34	Mist	4	38	55

The first and second prizes for keels were awarded to the Columbia and Lizzie Ella; and the first and second prizes for centre boards to the Napoleon and Clytie.

THE THIRD RACE.

Although not of as much interest as the other the present race was a good one, the yachts being called into line immediately after the sending off of the second class boats. The course was as follows:

Down the harbor, leaving Slate Ledge, The Upper Middle and Fort buoys on the starboard, and Governor's Island and Lower Middle buoys on the port; down West Way, round Sculpin Ledge buoy, leaving Spectacle Island, and the stake-boat on the east side, on the port; and return, leaving the Upper Middle, Fort buoy and Slate Ledge buoy on the port, and the Lower Middle and Governor's Island buoys on the starboard, to the Judges' boat.

Only nine of the fifteen boats entered took part in the race; they being as follows:—

Sch. Fannie, Benj. F. Gibbs, centre board, 20 ft. 3 in.
Sch. Secret, J. Binney, centre board, 22 ft. 1 in.
Sch. Annie, C. Barnard, keel, 23 ft. 3 in.
Sch. Jennie, W. H. Bangs, Jr., centre board, 22 ft. 3 in.
Sch. Clara, E. C. Neale, centre board, 23 ft. 5 in.
Sch. Bristol, S. P. Truman, centre board, 20 ft.
Sch. Eclipse, George Boyle, keel, ——
Minnehaha, ——
Sch. Æolus, Messrs. Cushing, centre board, 20 ft.

A beautiful start was obtained, the boats getting off so nicely together that it was hard to decide which had the best of it, but finally the Fannie darted away from the crowd, took the leading position and kept it until the end of the race, the time given by the various boats being as below:—

Name.	Hrs.	Min.	Sec.	Name.	Hrs.	Min.	Sec.
Fannie	2	9	4	Minnehaha	3	31	30
Secret	2	9	52	Clara	3	31	31
Sue Goodwin	3	22	3	Bristol	3	34	58
Jennie	3	52	13	Eclipse	3	40	34
Annie	3	27	24				

So, allowing for size, the first and second prizes for centre-boards were given to the Fannie and the Secret, and the prizes for keels to the Eclipse and Minnehaha.

REGATTA OF THE BAYONNE CLUB.

The weather was admirably calculated to render "life on the ocean wave" enjoyable on Monday, 29th ult, and the amiability of the owners of this department was gratefully acknowledged by a large number of petticoated divinities and moustached cavaliers, who had gathered at the cosy club house of the Bayonne Yacht Club—located on a projecting rock at Saltersville, N. J., and commanding a splendid view of the bay and of the country upon all sides for miles around—which then held its second annual regatta. The course sailed over was from a line drawn from the club house to and around a flag-boat stationed near Fort Lafayette and back to place of starting—this course to be sailed over three times, making a distance of between twenty-four and twenty-five miles. The judges appointed for the race were Messrs. J. M. Sawyer and John Harrison, and the yachts entered were as follows:—

Boat.	Measurement. Ft.	In.	Owner.
Jane Vernon	53	1¼	R. Elsworth.
Gretta	757	2	J. Van Buskirk.
Annie Mac	8.9	6¾	C. Uhlic.
Sea Mower	1,049	...	J. C. Seymour.
Flyaway	1,027	...	T. Livingston.
Maitie	911	3 1-7	Joseph Elsworth.
SECOND CLASS.			
Domino	578	11 1-16	Com. J. C. Gunther.
George Coaney	476	4¾	G. Wilson.
Waterfall	457	4¾	W. Elsworth.
Sea Mew	545	3½	Vice-Com. J. Van Winkle.
Lida	623	3	C. F. Beames.

The yachts fell into line shortly after two o'clock and at eleven minutes past the signal was given for the six first class vessels to get under way, followed by that for the second class at 2.13½, the Jane Vernon taking the lead of the former, with the Gretta, Seymour and Annie by Uhlic in the order given, the Maitie having some trouble in getting off, and the Domino cutting out the work for those of the second class. The Sea Mew, overburdened with a cloud of canvas, was capsized shortly after starting and her crew promiscuously deposited in the aqueous fluid, but fortunately all were rescued after remaining in an uncomfortable state of suspense for some minutes. The contest was quite interesting all through and the on-lookers evinced their pleasure by cheers and waving of cambrics each time the saucy looking craft rounded the home stake-boat, which they did in the subjoined order:—

FIRST TIME.

Maitie	3.09:05	Annie Mack	3.13:54
Gretta	3.09:45	George Coaney	3.15:38
Sea Mower	3.10:32	Waterfall	3.16:30
Jane Vernon	3.10:58	Domino	3.19:30
Flyaway	3.12:38		

SECOND TIME.

Maitie	4.02:20	George Coaney	4.13:50
Gretta	4.03:30	Annie Mack	4.14:30
Jane Vernon	4.07:05	Waterfall	4.15:10
Flyaway	4.08:35	Domino	4.24:05
THIRD TIME.			
Maitie	4.53:07	Jane Vernon	5.03:05
Gretta	4.53:50	George Coaney	5.08:17
Flyaway	4.55:35	Waterfall	5.09:35

Others not timed. Two and one-third seconds were allowed to the square foot of canvas, and the judges, after careful computation, announced the winners as follows:—1st class—first prize, Gretta; second prize, Jane Vernon. 2d class—first prize, George Coaney; second prize, Waterfall. The visitors at the club house enjoyed themselves highly during the day, an excellent collation having been provided by the club, as likewise a fine brass band, and the festivities closed with a terpsichorean display.

COULTER CHALLENGES HAMILL.

Upon his way home from Boston, Mass., Henry Coulter, the opponent of Hamill in the recent unsatisfactory race on the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, called upon us and left the subjoined challenge, which we hope Hamill will respond favorably to:—

NEW YORK, July 6, 1868.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*:—Since the meeting between James Hamill and myself, on the Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia, on the 18th and 19th ult., I have endeavored to induce him to make another match with me in the water, but as he seems the question of superiority precisely where it was before, but all my efforts have, I regret to say, proven futile. I had hoped to have been able to arrange matters entirely, as I have no desire for newspaper notoriety, but as Hamill has seen fit to decline to agree to any terms I have proposed, I have been compelled, in justice to myself, to publicly challenge him. I am ready to make a match to row James Hamill a five mile race on any waters in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh—where one man will be certain to have as good a chance as the other—for any amount from one thousand dollars a side upward. I wish to decide once for all who is the better man, and if this invite Mr. Hamill I will meet him at any time and place he may designate, for the purpose of drawing up and signing articles. An early reply will be thankfully received and promptly responded to by Yours respectfully, HENRY COULTER.

SUBMARINE PEDESTRIANISM.—A great novelty was presented in the celebration of the natal day in Boston in the shape of a submarine race, which was started at half past eleven o'clock P. M. The course was twenty-one hundred feet in length and lay from a raft anchored off the Cunard docks, at East Boston. Three men contested for the prize, which was won by Gurr, prize gold medal. Afterward the *beneficiaire* went through his professional performance of eating, drinking, smoking, etc., under water, doing all with as much apparent ease, and looking so refreshingly cool as to excite the envy of the half melted spectators, who were obliged to ply their fans vigorously, in order to keep themselves in anything like preservable order. Another exhibition is to be given at the same place on Friday evening, 10th inst.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Jemmy Welsh, the well-known British boxer, arrived in this city a few days since and is at present sojourning at Harry Bridges', Liverpool House, 300 West street, opposite Pier 44.

☞ Holloway's Pills and Ointment have relieved more suffering and pain than all the other remedies known at the present day. The Ointment for old sores and ulcers, and the Pills for dyspepsia and bilious complaints, are unequalled.

THE TURF.

Trotting on the Union Course, L. I.

MATCH BETWEEN AMERICAN GIRL AND GOLDSMITH MAID.

The most remarkable trot that has taken place this season came off on the 4th inst. on the Union Course, L. I. It was a match for $1,000 between Mr. Goldsmith's bay mare Goldsmith Maid, and Mr. W. Lovell's bay mare American Girl, both well known fast trotters; mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The two had trotted a race at Poughkeepsie three weeks ago, which was so closely contested that six heats were required to decide the race, which American Girl won, and by a singular coincidence six heats were trotted on Saturday before the winner could be declared. American Girl is six year old, bay mare, full sixteen hands high, very handsome, and a fine square mover; she is by Young Cassius (a son of Cassius M. Clay) out of a thoroughbred mare, and her owner gave the large price of $12,500 for her in the spring. Her opponent, Goldsmith Maid, is by Edsall's Hambletonian (a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian) out of an Abdallah mare; she is owned and was bred by Mr. Alden Goldsmith, of Orange County, N. Y. The betting was $100 to $75 on American Girl at the start; she was driven by Hiram Howe, the nephew and successor of the lamented Hiram Woodruff, while Budd Doble drove Goldsmith Maid.

FIRST HEAT.—Goldsmith had the pole and got away first, leading the three lengths at the quarter pole, which she reached in 36 sec. Here she made a double break, and American Girl passing her, led half a length to the half mile pole in 1:13. The Maid now began to trot finely, and overhauling the Girl, went head and head with her to the three quarter pole, where she again broke and lost a length. She rallied quickly and a splendid race up the homestretch ensued, both going side by side until within a couple of lengths of the score, when the maid once more went up and American Girl won the heat by half a length in 2:25, the second half mile having been trotted in 1:12.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting was now two to one on American Girl, her owner laying $1,000 to $500 on her winning the match. The Maid, as before, went off first and led two lengths at the turn, but making a double break, both passed the quarter pole head and head in 37 seconds. Another double break on the backstretch by the Maid enabled American Girl to open a gap of nearly two lengths at the half mile pole, passed in 1:13½. The Maid now showed a fine burst of speed, and got to her opponent's shoulders at the three-quarter pole, but again went up twice in succession in coming up the stretch. Hiram, thinking he had the race safe, eased the girl, when suddenly Doble brought up the Maid on the inside with a rush, and both crossed the score together, making a dead heat of it in 2:26½.

FOURTH HEAT.—Betting $100 to $15 on American Girl, who led two lengths at the quarter pole, and the same at the half mile pole in 36½ seconds and 1:13½, respectively, owing to Doble's mare's repeated breaking. The latter gradually gained on the Flashing stretch, and a beautiful and most exciting race up the straight resulted in the Maid winning the heat by a neck in 2:26¾.

FIFTH HEAT.—The betting was now even. American Girl, owing to the Maid breaking, led two lengths at the quarter pole in 36½ seconds, which the other reduced to one at the half mile, trotted in 1:13½. Coming up the homestretch the Maid made so tremendous a rush that she carried American Girl to a break, and beat her to the stand by a length in 2:28.

SIXTH HEAT.—Betting $100 to $30 on the Maid, freely offered by the former buyers of odds on American Girl. The latter, as before, was two lengths ahead at the quarter pole, in 37 seconds, and half a length at the half in 1:13½. The Girl broke up on coming into the homestretch, and although she showed a splendid burst of speed as they came home, she could not reach American Girl, who won the heat and race in 2:28. The close manner in which the times of the heats, as well as the quarters and half miles, was made, has never been surpassed. Summary:—

UNION COURSE, L. I., Satur

A TRAGICAL TALE OF THE TROPICS.

Furnishing Additional Proof that "the Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Jean Jacque Knyfe was a jolly tar
Aboard of the steamship "GOLDEN STAR,"
That belongs to the line of old what d'ye call,
And sails from New York to Aspinwall.

Kitty Bo Peep was a dusky maid,
Whose father was in the banana trade;
Oranges, too, were in his way,
And the Bo Peeps lived at Panama Bay.

One day Jean Jacque Knyfe left his ship,
And across the Isthmus he took a trip;
And in his wanderings who should he see
But Kitty, asleep 'neath a mango tree.

Under a mango tree, fast asleep,
With her head on her arm, lay sweet Bo Peep;
She looked like an angel—minus wings—
In her snow white muslin and other things.

And Jean he took and shivered his eyes,
And swore an oath of tremendous size,
That any party might take his hat
If he'd ever seen a sight like that.

Kitty Bo Peep started up in alarm,
And Jacque Knyfe offered to her his arm;
You'd thought he had known her a year or two
If you'd only seen the kisses he threw.

'Twas love at first sight, I am sure, with he,
And ditto it was, I know, with she;
She promised to meet him and tell her love
That night, at nine, in the pine-apple grove.

And there, at that witching hour in June,
They whispered their love 'neath the round, full moon;
He held her fast in his manly arms,
And feasted his eyes on her dusky charms.

The ring-tailed monkeys sported round,
And the speckled snakes squirmed over the ground;
The crocodile paused in his wild career
When he heard their low toned voices near.

Ominous hour! sad to relate!
A cocoanut dropped on Jean Jacque Knyfe's pate.
It doubled him up—she gave a yell—
And down a cold corpus Jean Jacque fell!

Bo Peep she shrieked for a glass of rum
And an ounce of a kind of native gum,
Which the generous neighbors, quick as flash,
Kindly supplied her with—for cash.

She mixed them together, and every speck
She drank, and fell on her Jean Jacque's neck;
Then smoothed her hair and laid by his side,
And, bidding farewell to old Bo Peep, died.

They buried them under the Ginkgo tree—
Jean Jacque Knyfe and Kitty Bo P.
And round the foot of the Ginkgo's trunk
The mourners, I'm sorry to say, got drunk.

And over Jean Jacque's and Bo Peep's grave
The winds and the bald faced monkeys rave:—
This for a trysting place they choose—
The aforesaid monkeys, and kangaroos.

Stranger, if ever you pass that way,
Remember the lovers of Panama Bay;
Find the Ginkgo tree, under which they sleep,
Where the gay gorillas their vigils keep. J. H. B.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ

No. 12.—"London Assurance" and Who Played in it.

Probably the most popular comedy on the American stage of recent origin is "London Assurance," which was produced at the Park at a period when the fortunes of the drama had begun to ebb, and which for a time stayed the current of popular revolution, sweeping those ancient dramatic landmarks we had been so sedulously tutored to reverence and respect. In fact, this play—for it cannot be styled a comedy in the strict interpretation of the term, as it neither possess s that dignity of language or intricacy of plot without which a comedy can have no legitimate existence—may be regarded as the only drama of its peculiar school taking anything like a durable hold upon public opinion. Both Colman (the younger), Cumberland and Morton closed the catalogue of dramatists constructing comedies according to the standard of Wycherly, Congreve and Farquhar, for Sheridan, with his immortal "School for Scandal," was a literary phenomenon, whom none coming after him can either imitate or emulate.

Sensible people had long grown sick and tired of the old English comedy, with its absurdities, its traditions and hereditary lack of nature, and while many tolerated a prolongation of its existence for the sake of actors clinging to these supernaturated conventionalities with the tenacity of a drowning man, the great bulk of enlightened auditors turned in disgust from representations purporting to delineate social life with which they could feel no sympathy. "Paul Pry," the "Patrician and Parvenu" of John Poole, followed by others of lesser note, introduced that school of comedy, or rather of five act farces, which, catering to the popular taste as well as to the peculiarities of actors, superseded those elaborate, overstrained specimens of dramatic handicraft which were the admiration of our immediate progenitors.

"London Assurance" was originally produced at Covent Garden Theatre, London, where, under the management of Madame Vestris and upon proving successful, the name of its author was given as Lee Morton. Subsequently the piece was acknowledged to be the work of Dion L. Boucicault, while a claim to joint authorship was put in by John Brougham, and so well substantiated that a court at law rendered judgment for a moiety of the proceeds of its sale in his favor. As a comedy the piece is of the most ordinary standard, but as an elongated farce it is ingenious, entertaining and effective, being constructed of plagiarized characters, thrown together to produce dramatic situations and effects. It is, emphatically speaking, an acting drama, wherein every performer has a chance to distinguish himself, and it is on this account that it became a favorite in the hands of a company of the Park's marked individual and collective ability.

Dion L. Boucicault, as an individual, is what may be styled a theatrical sphinx, defying solution as to parentage and origin. At first he was represented to be the son of the famous Dr. Lardner, by some French lady, and his nativity attributed to the pleasant city. While in Paris, he flourished for awhile as the Vicomte de Boucicault, with a line of ancestors extending from the first Crusade to the last of the Bourbons, but as vicomtes in France are more plentiful than cab drivers, and the Crusade a modern date in noble genealogy of that country, our dramatist, condescending to honor this continent with his presence, came among us a simple gentleman, Joshua, the son of Nun, offering to instruct us in the art of gentility. The lectures of Mr. Boucicault—which would doubtlessly prove invaluable now-a-days for competitors for the Jerome medal—having failed to replenish his purse, he took up the trade of acting, appearing in conjunction with Miss Agnes Robertson, a very clever and good looking comedienne, whose intimate relations with him created some scandal, until by a *lapsus linguæ* the ex-vicomte acknowledged the lady to be his wife while returning thanks to a Boston audience. It is true that on the morrow he repented this hymeneal rashness and attempted to repudiate his words, but the indignation of the Bostonians, disgusted at duplicity touching the social standing of a lady, a stranger among them and universally respected, warned him of his error, and from this time forth the professor of gentility has kindly consented to play, with general admiration, the part Benedek.

John Brougham, the co-author of "London Assurance," and to whom actually belongs any literary merit the piece may possess, made the first professional appearance in this country at the Park in Colman's stupid comedy of "John Bull." With an audience familiar with the unctuous humor and inimitable acting of Tyrone Power, the Dennis Bulgrady of Brougham received no favor; in fact the gentleman was regarded as merely secondary to a lady announced as his wife, who took the leading female parts in a round of comedies, and performed them with a spottiness and chastity well worthy of the palmiest days of Old Drury. Mrs. Brougham—not the lady familiar to playgoers at Burt n's and elsewhere under that name—with her commanding person and strikingly expressive cast of countenance, fairly took the house by storm, and had it not been for her interposition, the fortunate John would have been among hundreds of other actors who have come unto us, been seen by us and departed from us.

If John Brougham failed to reach distinction as an actor, his personal merits and literary tact secured him a far greater popularity than he had just reason to anticipate. His native humor, obliging disposition and genial manners secured him the friendship of a class of men, among whom he had been accidentally thrown through his scribbling propensities, whose good opinion guaranteed him permanent success, while his literary contributions to the daily and weekly press bestowed upon him a reputation as a humorist, which, if it were honestly deserved, was at least fairly earned.

The production of "London Assurance" at the Park was the result of accident. There was bu a solitary copy of the play in America and that belonged to a Mr. Maturin, a son to the Rev. Mr. Maturin, the dramatist, author of "Melworth the Wanderer," and other sensation romances of the "Castle Spectre" order which were wont to make our youthful hair stand on end. This copy fell into the hands of Park Benjamin—then regarded as a critical autocrat of the most potent an i despotic authority —who, having already in training for the stage, hit upon its possession as an opportunity to bring his charge before the public. He offered the play to the management of the Park, upon the express condition that his fair *protege* should appear as Grace Harkaway, otherwise it would be carried to some other house which would accede to his proposition. The manager, who had had lamentable experience as to first appearances, most sagely hesitated, but, finding the critic inexorable, reluctantly complied, taking, howe v r, the precaution of having Miss Susan Cushman up in the part in the event of the *debutante's* failure, and, consequently, after a deal of preliminary puffing "London Assurance" and Miss Clarendon made a simultaneous first appearance before a crowded house singularly well disposed in favor of both. As the *debutante* was young, handsome and richly dressed, and the part of the milk and water heroine—sublimated essence of melo-dramatic twaddle—could be recited by any nose in her head, the precautionary action of the manager was not called into play, for both the lady and the comedy were declared a decided success.

In the stage arrangements, consequent upon an imitation of the manner in which the comedy had been produced at Covent Garden, a marked improvement, which astounded and delighted the aboriginal pitites, inaugurated what may be styled the reign of spectacular effects. Instead of a bleak and dreary chamber, with a naked stage, a traditional table and two wooden chairs ready to be whipped off the stage by a servant in dirty livery, the interior scenes were furnished with divans, ottomans, lounges, chairs, etc., of a style and material commensurate with the requirements of civilized taste, while the stage, in its prior deformity, was hidden beneath druggets and tapestry carpets, the best which could be furnished by the then fashionable house of Chester, carpet dealers in Broadway, from whose service, by the way, the Muses tempted our friend Stephen C. Massett to convert him into a wandering minstrel. The garden scene and exterior of Oak Hall likewise presented features of a reality to which a New York audience had been unaccustomed, such as statues, flowers and other accessories of an actual character, heretofore represented to the sight by the painter's not over deceptive brush. Even in the concluding acts the drawing room was illuminated by a chandelier, lowered from the flies, whose rays supplanted the glare of the common side-lights. Hence, the comedy would have proved a success from its mechanical arrangements alone, leaving the ability of the actors out of the question.

The part of Lady Gay Spanker, a paraphrase of a before popular character in Dance's play of the "Old English Gentleman," most undoubtedly laid the foundation of Miss Charlotte Cushman's subsequent reputation. Before this performance she had been appreciated as a good and useful actress, playing tragic and melo-dramatic heroines with power and accuracy, but the spirit, enthusiasm and earnestness she infused into this effective *role* convinced her friends of the possession of talents of no mean order, and from that time forth her reputation augmented proportionately to the opportunities offered her in the varied business of her profession, until, prior to her departure for Europe she stood the acknowledged head of our native born actresses. Indeed, while good as a tragic artiste, Miss Cushman was better as a comedienne, and best of all in the higher line of melo-drama. While good as Lady Macbeth, her Lady Gay is a more even and perfect performance, and yet in Helen McGregor and Nancy Sykes, parts, I dare say, Miss Cushman considers beneath her dignity, she was inc mparable. It is the misfortune of actresses not to comprehend the measure of their own abilities, and hence sacrifice true greatness for puerile vanity.

Miss Charlotte Cushman was educated as a vocalist, and joining the Wood troupe, performed with them creditably until at New Orleans she incurred the misfortune, as she then judged, of losing her voice. An old actor in that city, formerly of the Park, by us familiarly nicknamed Shakespeare Barton, taking compassion upon the girl's penury and helplessness, trained the late vocalist for the dramatic stage, and in reward for his kindness she appeared for his benefit as Lady Macbeth with a decided success. After this she traveled through the country and was brought by Burton from Philadelphia, with the other choice spirits of his company, when he managed the National. Introduced to a New York audience, Miss Cushman transferred herself to the Park, and there remained until, upon the representations of Macready, to whom she bore so striking a likeness that she was facetiously styled Macready in petticoats, she resolved upon a European experience. For some unknown reason the English tragedian turned his back upon the lady upon her arrival in London, and, consequently, after experiencing many annoyances, she and her sister made a late but most decisive appearance on the London boards, mainly through the intercession of Mr. Edwin Forrest, who chanced then to be a sojourner in the Great Metropolis.

Miss Susan Cushman, to whom had been originally allotted the part of Grace Harkaway, possessed few, if any, of the abilities of her sister, for whose benefit she made her first appearance on any stage at the Park in a piece entitled "The Genoese," written by Epes Sargeant, a down east poet and New York politician. Susan, at a very early age, had married a merchant named Merriman, from whom she separated and afterwards obtained a divorce in Philadelphia. Relying mainly upon her youth and personal appearance, she embraced the theatrical profession, under the shadow of her sister's fame and reputation, and followed it until her marriage with Dr. Muspratt, an eminent English author and chemist. Never, in the course of human events, could two sisters be found the more opposite in nature, tendencies and disposition than the Cushmans. In the elder, boldness, energy, determination and every masculine quality predominated; while in Susan, every movement was tempered with a feminine weakness.

Who among ancient play-goers fails to remember the palpable hit made by the elder Placide in Sir Harcourt Courtly, in the rendition of which character, eminently suited as it was for the peculiarities of his quiet and effective style of comic acting, he far excelled Farren, the much over-rated English comedian? Fresh from memory of Placide's impersonation I once witnessed his English rival in the same part, at the Haymarket, in London, and I candidly admit that I was astonished that an American could have conceived, in the delineation of a purely local *role*, an infinity of niceties in detail which seemed to have escaped one accounted a master of his art and to the manner born. But this exquisite finish, this elaboration of apparently insignificant points, this scrupulous blending of details into an effective and perfected action constituted a charm in Placide's habitual acting which I have failed to recognize in the other comedians. I never considered this worthy gentleman to be a great actor, but I have never found him otherwise than a good one. In no one single part was he dazzling or brilliant, yet there was no character by him assumed, from Sir Peter Teazle to Francis or Touchstone, or even Lingo, which failed to give satisfaction, from his painstaking and scholastic application. With the patrons of the Park Harry Placide was esteemed a great actor. In London he signally failed, simply because a foreign audience could not appreciate those quiet, unobtrusive virtues with which we, from frequent observation, had become familiarized. Beside, Placide in London was a martyr to that ambition, inherent to actors, through boldly inviting comparison, at the outset of his career, with the idols of the British stage. Unlike Hackett and others, who sagaciously disarmed the prejudiced critics of the British metropolis by presenting themselves in a specialty of eccentric invention, the elder Placide challenged their opinion by making his *debut* in parts long esteemed as the especial property of the accepted representatives of the standard of English dramatic taste. By appearing as Sir Peter Teazle he indirectly defied the ability of Farren, whose very reputation hung upon his admitted superiority in the rendition of that part, while, in the afterpiece, Placide's assumption of Lingo, in the "Agreeable Surprise," courted a comparison with Liston—by the Londoners esteemed the quintessence of eccentric mediocrity. It was a bold, yet stupid venture, this boarding of lions in their den. The result of the unwise enterprise could not be dubious, for if the English critics found it impossible to co ndemn our American actor outright, they damned him with the faintest of faint praise.

The younger Placide differed essentially from his brother, for he was careless, sparkling, vivacious and indifferent as to the minutiæ, or sole play, of the part assigned to him. Moreover his inclinati n, or preference lay in the walk of low comedy, in particular lines of which he could not be excelled. No two men personally could be found with stronger points of difference, although possessing a similarity in feature and person strikingly remarkable, yet mentally the antipodes of each other. On account of a quarrel the two Placides were for many years at variance, during which Tom, migrating to the southwest, won golden laurels as an actor and manager. Had the part of Dazzle been written expressly for James or Browne, the most brilliant light comedian of our times, the ornament alike of the Old National and the Park and the only actor on the English board I have seen at all comparable to Frederic Le Maitre, the original French representative of Robert Macaire, it could not have suited his measure more exactly. And parenthetically let me observe that I have been informed that Jim Browne, most assuredly the dramatic light of other days, lies helplessly ill, poverty stricken and bed ridden, dependent upon a publican of no great means for the daily bread required to eke out the few remaining days of an existence, which, though the course of nature, cannot be much longer prolonged. I am moreover informed that an appeal made to the dramatic profession to unite in some public manner for the relief of the veteran actor was repelled. If such be the case, there is good reason why a public, ever generous, and often times over liberal, to dramatic charities, have found it necessary to withhold their cold support, as recently appears has been done, from corporations, managed exclusively by actors, for charitable purposes.

When Mr. Brown left the Park his place was filled up by Mr. Abbott, a good actor, trained in the conventional school, who performed well but with any distinguishing features. He married a favorite of the Park audience, Miss Bulvid, a lady of commanding personal appearance, of good dramatic ability and of irreproachable private character, whose retirement from the stage after her husband's decease, was, at the time, most justly regarded as a theatrical calamity.

Taken as a whole, "London Assurance" was a success which temporarily stayed the inevitable decay of the legitimate drama. In the wake of the greater lights of the piece came lesser luminaries, all of whom have subsequently shone in the dramatic galaxy, for the dispersion of the Park company can be assimilated to that of the human race at Shinar, carrying with it the seeds of improvement in every quarter. With "London Assurance" ceased the coercive force binding together a collection of artists, whose ability was unquestioned, and whose performance, taken as a collective body, has never since been equaled. I, therefore, treat this play, not so much on account of its merits, but as an index of a state of feeling which produced most important results upon the condition of the drama here and elsewhere.

Transferred to the hands of Thomas S. Hamblin, the old Park changed the essence of its vitality, for its death warrant had been sealed, and it only awaited the occurrence of some untoward event to close its existence, as it had survived the spirit of the age, which had so long perpetuated its existence as a memorial of the humors and amusements of our ancestors. When, then, before the devastating flames crumbled the walls of Old Drury, and the pillars of fire shed a lurid light over the smouldering ruins of the once proud temple of the drama, we accepted the saddening spectacle as omenous of our favorite's doom. Rows of brown stone stores, laden with wealth, merchandise, and peopled with merchants and their clerks, unconscious as to the classic ground whereupon they daily tread, have forever obliterated from the eye of citizen and of stranger all vestiges of that famous home of the Muses, to whose shrine, in days of yore, gathered votaries from every shore and clime. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

DOING DOUBLE DUTY; OR, What Made the Horses so Thin.

A very particular old lady possessed a pair of particularly handsome horses, which, being harnessed to a particularly neat carriage, used to take their owner particular old lady out for an airing twice a week. Now, under these circumstances you'd have imagined that these particularly handsome horses would have retained their flesh, their glossy appearance and their first rate condition. Not so; the horses became coarse looking, rough as to their coats, and, what was of all things most wonderful, that is in a pair of horses with no work to speak of, they became visibly thinner and thinner—so thin, that perhaps they would have disappeared altogether, but that this particular point, approaching the vanishing point, this particular old lady happened, as they say of children, to take notice. "John," says she to the coachman, "aren't these horses very thin?" "A little, ma'am," says John, taken off his guard. Immediately afterwards he was sorry he had spoken. "Well," says the old lady, using her eye-glass, "it's very curious, John." "Time of year, mum," says John. "Th' oases hoften goes like this 'ere." "Oh, indeed! Ah!" replies the old lady, unconvinced, but with no experience ready at hand. "Aren't they fed regularly?" she asks presently, for she was a pertinacious old lady, and knew to a fraction how many pennies make sixpence. "Yes, 'm," answers John, curtly, and trying to make as if the animals were restive and wanted to plunge, so as to frighten the old lady away. But they didn't enter into the fun of the thing at all, and there they stood, stock still, regardless even of a sly touch from the whip, and looking under their blinkers, perhaps, at their old mistress, as much as to say, "Do ask another question or two, do!" So she did. "They're exercised, aren't they, John, regularly, when they don't go out with the carriage?" She put this as your classical Latinists put *ne* before a question, when, as the exercise books say, you expect the answer Yes. So John took the hint as quickly as if it was a game of "Who touched the book while you were out of the room?" and she was the confederate, and he answers, touching his hat, "Yes, 'm." The particular old lady was particularly puzzled. She was very particular about her horses. John drove the pair into the stables, thinking to himself—but never mind what he thought to himself, that's neither here nor there as to speak; but what the old lady—whose horses they were—thought, is the point after all. She thought—and she *did*. This is what she *did*. She sent for a young friend who knew all about horses. The young man undertook to watch the stables, watch the grooms, the coachman and the horses, and report. He watched; and reported. The horses went out every evening at a certain time, except on the regular two days a week when they were driven in the carriage, and returned every night, with the above exceptions, at a certain time. The clever young man followed them, and witnessed the process of their being harnessed to an omnibus. For eightpence the young man followed them, that is, sat on the box and went to the city and back on a fine May night. Then he made friends with the omnibus driver; they liquored, and the driver became confidential. From this person he found out that the old lady's coachman received five shillings per journey for the use of these horses.

"Pretty Jane."

A low comedian complained to the author of a piece in which he was sustaining a principal character, that he hadn't got a song. "No song!" exclaims the author. "Why, Mr. Touchstone, I've written you three." "Yes, sir," returns the Droll; "but not one that I can sing." "Well, if you can't sing—" commences the author, dolefully, because the part depended for its success upon these wonderful songs. "I don't say that, sir," says the actor, drawing himself up to his full height of five feet four, proudly; "but I want to sing 'Pretty Jane.' Now, sir, you have written for me, 'Bobbin' Round,' 'Meet Me in the Lane,' and 'Behold How Brightly, Masaniello.'" The author insisted that these were all hits. The actor didn't see them in that light. "Then omit 'em," quoth the author testily. "No, sir," replies the Droll, always with dignity; "I shall *not* omit 'em. But all I ask is 'Pretty Jane.' Let me introduce 'Pretty Jane.'" Now this seems a small matter, and so is a square inch of red cloth. But would you allow a square inch of red cloth to be let into your black dress coat? If very fond of black, would you insist upon a patch of it right in the middle of a sea-piece by Mr. Hook? No. Now as the red cloth to the black coat, and as the dash of black to bright blue or green of the picture, so is the out-of-place song to a carfully constructed and well finished piece. Hence there was a difficulty, and after a squabble the manager, wonderful to relate, gave his voice with the author, and the obstinate Droll was bound down to sing the three songs already written, and not "Pretty Jane." "Well, sir," said the sweet tempered comedian, resigning himself to his fate instead of resigning his position in the company, to the author, "I will sing 'Bobbin Round,' 'Meet Me in the Lane,' and 'Behold How Brightly;' but I tell you beforehand, that when you hear me give them at night, you won't know them *from Pretty Jane.* Good morning."

MOTTO FOR A BOX-OFFICE KEEPER.—"So much for Booking 'em."

THE LITTLE VIOLIN PLAYER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Many years ago—before little Palmo had projected his beautiful opera house or Billy Burton had released himself from his theatrical difficulties by amassing a fortune on the same site—the northwest corner of Broadway and Duane street was occupied as a public garden by the gentleman of music proclivities aforesaid. The premises, though not spacious, were sufficient to the purpose for those days, and, as Palmo, who had great reputation as a cook, attended in person to the getting up of his own viands and pastries, they were a favorite resort for all the loungers of the town. Many an evening in our earlier youth have we sat with chair tilted at an angle of forty, literally *unter der linden*, with the colored lamps glimmering around us, smoking a cigar (they *did* make cigars in those days) and listening with some hundred others to vocalism and instrumentation by several pretty girls, who played upon the harp and piano, and received their share of applause. People then were so far from being critical that even such artists as Malibran and Pasta could not secure a permanent foothold among us for Italian opera, while the most mediocre talent was sure of its reward. Palmo became ambitious, made money, established a magnificent concert saloon on Chambers street, and then, "*ifaica per la musica*," built him a temple for the votaries of music, but, alas! here lost all he had ever acquired, and returned to his old paper cap and *cuisine*, a wiser and perhaps a sadder man. Meanwhile, more than one of those who had furnished music for the million as they lolled over their pipes and their wines (lager had not then come into fashion) in their gilded *cafes*, improved in tal nt by practice and gradually rose to high positions in the world of lyric art. Hard by, on Broadway, was the old "*cafe des milles colonnes*," kept by one Pinteaux, who, when spoken to with regard to the progress made by Palmo, his old rival, would merely take a huge pinch of snuff, and, shrugging his shoulders, would reply:—"We shall see, we shall see!"

One evening there came to the little retreat on Duane street two poorly clad children, one of whom, a boy, manipulated (and not badly, either) the keys of a flageolet, while the other, apparently his sister, performed on the violin. With the instinct of their class, half a dozen white jacketed waiters rushed precipitately at the juvenile intruders with the intent to eject them. But a few of their notes had penetrated within the enclosure, and won by the artlessness of the little musicians, several of the patrons interfered, and the litle wanderers were allowed to give a sample of their quality upon the stage. They were Swiss or German, apparently, and the few simple songs from the Fatherland won upon the listeners, who liberally showered them with dimes and quarters—those articles not being at that time obsolete.

For some evenings the pretty half orphans, whose story had got about, were regular visitors at the garden, where they were much petted by the *habitues*, and were fondled by the elder vocalists, who, like them, were from Mannheim on the Rhine. Thus, day by day, from early morn until the sentinel stars were on the wane, the two toiled cheerfully at their cherished vocation, ensuring the support of their aged father, who was a paralytic, until one evening they were missed among the attractions of the garden. After the lapse of a week the little Ernestine was seen once more on the rostrum, but this evening the girlish face was sad and the pretty violin player wore a black scarf, for both father and brother were dead. The generosity of the children of song is proverbial. The obscure artistes of the garden took the child under their protection, and the violin was exchanged for the harp, with a salary added.

On a pleasant midsummer night the celebrated Professor Von Kummel, flautist and composer, and one of the best supports of Malibran during her engagement in America, was musingly sipping his sangaree and smoking his pipe under the lindens aforesaid, when something unusual in such a place attracted his attention. It was but a few notes of song, accompanied by the harpsichord, but at the sound the professor withdrew his pipe from his mouth and looked toward the stage. He saw there a handsome though sad-faced young girl of fifteen, clad in pink muslin, whose eyes, as she sang and played, seemed fixed on some far-away sphere. Her song was not one of earth, and it was the rapture, the inspiration, soaring above mere art, with which the air and the music were rendered, which had brought the matured musician out of his dream-land and called him to things nearer home. He listened for a few moments, and then went eagerly in search of the *proprietaire*. He found him in the kitchen.

"My dear Palmo," he said, "tell me, where did you discover that little prodigy yonder? Did she drop from the clouds, or do you possess, like Ahasuerus, the power of summoning spirits at your will?"

"Hein?" replied the signor, holding his ladle suspended, in sheer bewilderment.

"That ravishing little angel in pink—the one that sings so prettily—you must know whom I mean."

"O, I knows not—dey all de s me to me," said the signor.

"He means little Ernestine, who else?" interrupted the better half.

"Let me see her and I will make her fortune, and perhaps yours also," said Von Kummel, laconically.

The signor eyed the latter with a quizzical expression, but the professor was married and too old for such follies.

To be brief, one week from that day saw Ernestine Jacques an inmate of the professor's household, his pupil and the companion of his daughters.

Those were times of great rivalry in musical circles. Both English and Italian opera were struggling for the supremacy, the one in Astor place, the other at the old Park Theatre; "Parodi, dear" was pitted against Mrs. Seguin and the divine Shirff, and Manvers, Seguin and Wilson threw down the glove to Patrini, Valtellina and their confraternity, while Maretzek knew how sincerely I have repented of my wickedness, I think she would ask pardon for me."

"Hans Kruger!" came a voice from another part of the barn, "think you the spirit of the unhappy Katrine can rest quietly when she thinks you and she will never meet again, for such will be the case if you avenge her death by making yourself a murderer in slaying this young man. Let him live to carry his good resolutions into effect—his remorse will be punishment enough."

The German let the hand which held a loaded pistol fall at his side, and the young man started back aghast.

"Let it be so," said the German. "The dead hath spoken. Katrine wills it so. But two years back I passed a night here, where I accidentally learned I was under the hospitality of the mother of the one who had so deeply injured me. I fled the place, intending to remunerate her for her kindness, but I have never had it in my power."

"You have it now," came from the unknown voice. "Give her back her son."

"Katrine's wishes shall be obeyed," answered the German. "I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven;" and with that he left the barn.

The poor stroller had prevented bloodshed, for of course you are now aware that the voice proceeded from none other than Harry Towner, who soon made himself known to Granville Farley, who at first took our hero to be a ghost, until all explanations were given.

"As you have been instrumental in saving my life," said Farley, "add to the obligation by keeping my treachery to this man from my mother, for with God's help I will be an altered man."

"You may rely upon me," answered Towner.

Granville Farley kept his word, and a more upright man does not exist.

It would require a more gifted pen than mine to paint the joy of the mother at the reformation of her son.

Harry Towner is a poor stroller no more, for he is a well to do farmer, living on a farm presented to him by Mrs. Farley, and no crops are better than his, no soil more fruitful; his wife's color has returned to her cheeks, and the little crippled child looks upon their home as a sort of earthly heaven. Well, perhaps it is.

Can you see what an act of kindness to a poor stroller did—what crime he prevented? If so, the writer has no more to say, but would merely add that if you "cast your bread upon the waters, it will return to you 'ere many days."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Once on a time there was a man who went into the woods to cut hop-poles, but he could find no trees so long, and straight, and slender as he wanted, till he came high up under a great heap of stones. There he heard groans and moans as though some one were at death's door. So he went up to see who it was that needed help, and then he heard that the noise came from under a great flat stone which lay upon the heap. It was so heavy it would have taken many a man to lift it. But the man went down again into the wood and cut down a tree, which he turned into a lever, and with that he tilted up the stone, and lo! out from under it crawled a Dragon, and made at the man to swallow him up. But the man said he had saved the Dragon's life, and it was shameful thanklessness in him to want to eat him up.

"Maybe," said the Dragon; "but you might very well know I must be starved when I have been here hundreds of years and never tasted meat. Besides, it's the way of the world—that's how it pays its debts."

The man pleaded his cause stoutly, and begged prettily for his life; and at last they agreed to take the first living thing that came for a daysman, and if his doom went the other way the man should not lose his life, but he said the same as the Dragon, the Dragon should eat the man.

The first that came was an old hound, who ran along the road down below under the hillside. Him they spoke to, and begged him to be judge.

"God knows," said the hound, "I have served my master truly ever since I was a little whelp. I have watched and watched many and many a night through, while he lay warm asleep on his war, and I have saved house and home from fire and thieves more than once; but now I can be neither use nor ornament, and he wants to shoot me. And so I must run away, and slink from house to house, and beg for my living till I die of hunger. No! it's the way of the world," said the hound, "that's how it pays its debts."

"Now I am coming to eat you up," said the Dragon, and tried to swallow the man again. But the man begged and prayed hard for his life till they agreed to take the next comer for a judge; and if he said the same as the Dragon and the Hound, the Dragon was to eat him and get a meal of man's meat; but if he did not say so, the man was to get off with his life.

So there came an old horse limping down along the road which ran under the hill. Him they called out to come and settle the dispute. Yes; he was quite ready to do that.

"Now I have served my master," said the horse, "as long as I could draw or carry. I have slaved and striven for him till the sweat trickled from every hair, and I have worked till I have grown lame, and halt, and worn out with toil and age; now I am fit for nothing. I am not worth my food, and so I am to have a bullet through me, he says. Nay! nay! It's the way of the world. That's how the world pays its debts."

"Well, now I'm coming to eat you," said the Dragon, who gaped wide, and wanted to swallow the man. But he begged again hard for his life.

But the Dragon said he must have a mouthful of man's meat; he was so hungry, he couldn't bear it any longer.

"See, yonder comes one who looks as if he was sent to be a judge between us," said the man, as he pointed to Reynard the fox, who came stealing between the stones of the heap.

"All good things are three," said the man; "let me ask him, too, and if he gives doom like the others, eat me up on the spot."

"Very well," said the Dragon.

He, too, had heard that all good things were three, and so it should be a bargain. So the man talked to the fox as he had talked to the others.

"Yes, yes," said Reynard; "I see how it all is;" but as he said this he took the man a little on one side.

"What will you give me if I free you from the Dragon?" he whispered into the man's ear.

"You shall be free to come to my house, and to be lord and master over my hens and geese every Thursday night," said the man.

"Well, my dear Dragon," said Reynard, "this is a very hard nut to crack. I can't get it into my head how you, who are so big and mighty a beast, could find room to lie under yon stone."

"Can't you," said the Dragon; "well, I lay under the hillside, and sunned myself, and down came a landslip and hurled the stone over me."

"All very likely, I daresay," said Reynard; "but still I can't understand it, and, what's more, I won't believe it till I see it."

So the man said they had better prove it, and the Dragon crawled down into the hole again; but in the twinkling of an eye they whipped out the lever, and down the stone crashed again on the Dragon.

"Lie now there till Doomsday," said the fox. "You would eat the man, would you, who saved your life?"

The Dragon groaned and moaned, and begged hard to come out; but the two went their way and left him alone.

The very first Thursday night Reynard came to be lord and master over the hen roost, and had himself behind a great pile of wood hard by. When the maid went to feed the fowls, in stole Reynard. She neither saw nor heard anything of him; but her back was scarce turned before he had sucked blood enough for a week and stuffed himself so that he couldn't stir. So when she came again in the morning, there Reynard lay and snored, and slept in the morning sun, with all four legs stretched straight; and he was as sleek and round as a German sausage.

Away ran the lassie for the goody, and she came and all the lassies with her, with sticks and brooms, to beat Reynard; and, to tell the truth, they nearly banged the life out of him; but just as it was almost all over with him, and he thought his last hour was come, he found a hole in the floor, and so he crept out and limped and hobbled off to the wood.

"Oh, oh!" said Reynard; "how true it is. 'Tis the way of the world; and this is how it pays its debts."

ON THE TRICKS OF ADVERTISING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY DIOGENES.

Where the art of advertising took its rise history hath neglected to record. Perhaps the brethren of Joseph discoursed upon the qualities of their cattle in flowery writ, and yet it may have been years after the discovery of printing ere the facility became a medium for trade, and the dull fancy of sluggish Saxons—never half awake—only became cognizant of the value of the idea when it fairly forced itself upon them. This is mere theory, but I venture to assert that were the typical art discovered in America its first fruits would have been a handsomely gotten up circular enlarging on the beauties of a cow milking machine, plow or combination couch, writing desk and overcoat, which would have been scattered broadcast through the land.

There is in the advertisment system in England little or no tact displayed in their formation. If we wish music, amusement, bitter beer or household furniture, we know just where to find the little dreary paragraphs, that have not the least interest to any save purchasers. Still every one advertises; the papers are crowded with them and the magazines have several supplementary sheets for their accommodation. On the other hand, an American advertisement takes every *one* by storm. We are entreated in gigantic capitals to "*Look!* LOOK!! LOOK!!!" and upon skirmishing over the paragraphs, find that Mr. So and So has a lot of clothing that he *must* close out, and entreats you to come and see before you buy elsewhere; that the goods have to be sold any way, and that you can have what you wish at your own price. Now, a man is generally seedy three times a year, and if this strikes him at one of these periods he accordingly adjourns to Mr. So and So's store, where he finds that he is no cheaper than any one else. At the same time he is no dearer, and being there, he accordingly buys what he wants.

But there are revolutions in this sort of thing, and after a while this style begins to get "played." People get tired of running here and there after bargains, and mgenuity and clap-trap must take the place of supplication and dust throwing. We happen to be crossing the park when an enormous poster greets our vision, whose purport actually rivets us to the ground—"HORRIBLE!!! ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL GRANT." On close inspection, however, we find that the correct reading brings some smaller type into use and dissolves it into this:—"HORRIBLE!!! *Swarms of rats, mice, roaches and other vermin are sure to collect in every house, and if proper means are not taken to expel them the unpleasantness of these accumulations will fall little short of actual* ASSASSINATION. *The undersigned, after the profound study of years, has accomplished the development of a powder, the achievements of which will compare with the grandest deeds of* GENERAL GRANT, *the grandest captain of the age. Persons wishing to rid themselves of these annoyances should at once lay in a supply of Magruffin's celebrated powders, for sale by," &c., &c.*

This was an excellent conceit, but soon grew miserably stale. Visions of Fort Lafayette, overthrows of the government, and plans for burning the city, soon became epidemic and stared us out of countenance from every curb, fence and bill-board.

Mr. Bonner's method of advertising was perfectly legitimate, and the enormous success that attended his periodical was one of the results of well managed newspaper insertions that were scattered all over the land. Perhaps the metropolis had the largest bite of these dainties, and we may all remember the muttered curses that came from mercantile mouths as several dimp sheets of the morning's *Herald* were disclosed to view, and b re naught save the ominous announcement, repeated time and time again almost *ad infinitum*, that Emerson Bennett's new story had just been commenced in the *Ledger*, and no one should go home without it, &c., &c.

The patent medicine dealers make this one of their great stand bys, and every little village sheet te ms with fabulous stories of cures effected by the use of "Maguire's, or otherwise's, vegetable bitters, which are compounded by eminent chemists, from roots and flowers gathered in a certain island in the Australian Archipelago." Whole columns are thus consumed, and these wholesale advertisements, together with the gratuitous almanac and recipe book distribution, renders to the investor a return of ten hundred per cent. The profits reaped are simply enormous, and provide a mighty poor commentary on human credulity. The gift enterprises also share an equal profit, though their bait is not as readily taken, even by countrymen.

Laura Keene's advertisements in the *Herald* were simply gigantic, and the "Seven Sisters" were sometimes puffed through an entire column. Latterly, the paragraphs of a certain hatter have been remarkable in point of wit and absurdness, and I confess to have been more than once interested in some trifle only to find that it was merely an item of that gentleman's. The poetical effusions are also exceedingly effulgent, and not a little genius is sometimes displayed in the contortions of paradoes to suit the wants of the advertiser. The celebrated controversy betwixt Dupree & Green's and Sam Sharpley's troupes, that is known to every reader of the CLIPPER, probably benefited both parties to a more or less extent.

The legitimate trade find this system not only a convenience but an absolute necessity, for a newspaper carries their announcements everywhere at less expense, and, in many cases, to many localities where their drummers could never penetrate. The agencies that work trade advertisements do thrivingly, and are dropping in an office some day and inquiring into the method by which the business is conducted, and, armed as they with me that these agents are as great as generals in the command of their peculiar armies, and the work is simply colossal, requiring a perfect system and steady, hard work. This system is, of itself, as great a triumph as any of the laws of mechanics, and by sending for a circular to any of these gentlemen you can understand how some things can be done as well as others. I must plead the most absolute ignorance of Latin, and so being minus

THE SUICIDAL CAT.

BY JOHN QUILL.

There was a man named Ferguson,
He lived on Market street,
He had a speckled Thomas cat,
That couldn't well be beat;
He'd catch more rats and mice and sich
Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room
And climb up on a cheer,
And there he'd sit and lick hisself
And purr so awful queer
That Ferguson would yell at him;
But still he'd purr-severe.

And then he'd climb the moonlit fence,
And loaf around and yowl,
And spit and claw another cat
Alongside of the jowl.
And then, they both would shake their tails
And jump around and howl.

Oh, this here cat of Ferguson's
Was fearful then to see;
He'd yell precisely like he was
In awful agony;
You'd think a first class stomach ache
Had struck some small baby.

And all the mothers in the street,
Waked by the horrid din,
Would rise right up and search their babes,
To find some worryin' pin;
And still this vigorous cat would keep
A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr. Ferguson,
'Twas more than he could bear,
And so he hurled his boot-jack out,
Right through the midnight air;
But this vociferous Thomas cat,
Not one cent did he care,—

For still he yowled and kept his fur
A standin' up on end,
And his old spine a-doublin' up
As far as it would bend,
As if his hopes of happiness
Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin' of his spine
And waitin' to attack
A cat upon the other fence,
There came an awful crack;
And this here speckled Thomas cat
Was busted in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day,
There lay his old feline,
And not a life was left in him
Although he had had nine.
"All this here comes," said Mr. Ferguson,
"Of curvin' of his spine."

Now, all ye men whose tender hearts
Thus painful tale does rack,
Just take this moral to yourselves,
All of you, white and black.
Don't ever go, like this here cat,
To gettin' up your back!

SCIENTIFIC DARING.

One dull day in autumn, just after noon, a balloon rose into the air at the foot of Cleet Hills, on the western edge of the great central plain of England. It was inflated with the light est of gases which chemical skill could produce; it rose with amazing velocity. A mile up, and it entered a stratum of cloud more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air ship; the sky overhead was of the clearest and deepest blue; and below lay cloudland—an immeasurable expanse of cloud, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth, now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains and deep, dark ravines appeared, below the peaks and sides of those cloud mountains next the sun, glittering like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above earth! A pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a bark laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the open sea into an inland unsaline lake: the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! The spectrum, when opposed to the sun, showed marvelously clear; lines appeared which are invisible in the denser atmosphere on the earth's surface; but as the car swung round in its gyrating, upward flight, the moment the direct rays of the sun passed off the prism, there was no spectrum at all. The air was so pure, so free from the comparatively solid aqueous matter, that there was no reflected light; the air was too thin to retain or reflect any portion of the rays which fell upon it. And what a silence profound! The heights of sky were as still as the deepest depths of ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as unstirred from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture in a deserted house. No sound, no life —only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above earth!—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dewangiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air-ship, the other watching the scientific instruments and recording them with a rapidity bred of long practice. Suddenly, as the latter looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim; he takes a lens to help his sight, and can only mark, from the falling barometer, that they are still rising rapidly. A flask of brandy hes within a foot of him; he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call to his comrade, who has gone into the ring above—a whisper in that deep stillness would suffice—no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. His head droops on his shoulder; with an effort he raises it—it falls on the other shoulder; once more, with a resolute effort, he raises it—it falls backward. For a moment he sees dimly the figure of his comrade in the ring above; then sensation fails him—he lies back, unconscious. Some minutes pass—the balloon still rising upwards. *Seven miles above earth!* The steersman comes down into the car; he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses falling from him. He saw at once that life or death hung upon a few moments. The balloon was still rising rapidly; it must be made to descend at once, or they were both dead men. He seized, or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it and let out a portion of the inflating gas. His hands are purple with the intense cold—they are paralysed, they will not respond to his will. It was a fearful moment. In another minute, in their upward flight, he would be as senseless as his comrade. But he was a bold, self-possessed man, trained in a hundred balloon ascents, and ready for every emergency. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman heard a voice calling to him, "Come, take an observation—try!" He heard as in a dream, but could neither see nor move. Again he heard, in firmer and commanding tones, "Take an observation—now then, do try." He returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instruments; they must have been nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. The aeronauts revived. They had been higher above earth than mortal man, or any living thing, had ever been before. But now they were safe.

Such are the perils which Science demands of her votaries and which they encounter bravely and cheerfully. Such was the memorable balloon ascent of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher from Wolverhampton, on the 5th of September, 1862. A madness, thousands will say—a perilous absurdity, a tempting of Providence, a risking of life for no adequate purpose. One minute more of inaction—of compulsory inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air-ship, with its intensely rarified gas, would have been floating unfended, with two corpses in it, in the wide realms of space. What would have become of it? How far it would have ascended with its lifeless freight; how long it would have floated all unseen in the empyrean, who shall say?

This daring adventurous spirit we find displayed in almost every age. Often have adven turers penetrated the awful icy solitudes of the Arctic regions—realms where no living creature is to be seen, save the tenants of the deep. Ice everywhere, and no life. Calm, profound, oppressive, awful! Summer has gone, with its never-setting sun—the red orb rolling for six months in ceaseless course, like a slow-moving, red-hot cannon ball round the horizon; illuminating the wide wastes of ice and snow which sparkle with colors not their own, beneath the sun rays which they analyse. Winter has come with its perpetual twilight. Never a sunrise to mark the return of day, only a little less darkness. And the cold, intense, frightful, piercing through the thickest furskins which nature creates, and the warmest flannels which can be manufactured. The ship is frozen in and covered up, as if its tenants had converted it into a tent. Again the summer; again a broad gleam of ice-besprinkled waters; again some miles of movement, onward or backward; again expeditions over the ice on sledges; again the ever-rolling sun; and once more winter. So have a dozen an i more of English ships penetrated into that lifeless land—some to return, but others to be crushed between the closing masses of ice—others abandoned in the solid unopening ice-fields, which even the six months' sun could not melt; the crews seeking to make their way back, and some of them perishing like brave old Franklin and his men, ere they could reach the settlements of the Esquimaux or of the roving Indian tribes of the main land.

And now Sherard Osborn, that gallant sailor, is dying himself, and is stirring up others, for a new and still grander enterprise in those barren Polar regions. Hitherto, the main object of all our searc es in the Arctic regions has been to find a north-west passage—to ascertain if any sea route extended from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Strait. And we have found it at last; but only to know that it can never be sailed by ship—that it is never sufficiently open to the navigator, with all the help of steam, to make its way round the northern coast of the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was a bootless search, no doubt, for any purpose save that of solving a geographical mystery. It was a search handed down to us from the long bygone time when we sought a western route to the golden realms of Ind, through regions not appropriated by the Catholic majesties of Spain and Portugal, whose subjects were then the grand discoverers of the world. Now-a-days all that has passed. Discoverers no longer go forth to find and claim new empires for their sovereigns; but with the pure and simple object of unveiling the face of the earth, and of finding answers in the region of the uninhabitable to questions of science which are unanswerable in the portions of the globe habitable by man. It is science, not conquest, which inspires discovery, and profits by its triumphs. And so, leaving the northwest passage as the property of the dead Franklin, and of those who vainly went to his rescue, Sherard Osborn longs to rail for the Pole itself!—to stand upon the deck, with the keel of his ship right above the Pole; the most mysterious, as well as unapproachable point of the globe; the magnetic wonder; the point furthest from the equator; *the* north: where the bright auroras have their birth—whence they spring as from a magnetic fountain, and rising high into the zenith, are seen from afar in flickering streamers by us dwellers in the temperate zone. Such is the goal of Sherard Osborn's ambition. He will not rest until he has planted his foot upon the mysterious Polar spot, where the restless magnetic needle at length ceases to move, and brought back with him an answer to the queries with which our scientific bodies will entrust him. Is it land or sea that covers the apex of our globe? And how do the northern lights look when viewed by one who stands beneath them, on the spot from whence they rise? Do they spring direct from earth, or are they generated, developed only in the upper sky? And how grand to see the sun never setting! To see it roll round and round the Polesight never witnessed by mortal man—sight the strangest which man can witness, and which will make immortal the name of the hardy explorer who first beholds it.

Sherard Osborn longs to sail thither. Well, it is about the only mysterious spot on earth in the search for which this wild, noble spirit of adventure can now exercise itself. Human nature will have its aspirations after the unknown; heroic life will risk or sacrifice itself in the romance of discovery, whether its object be a new world, or an Utopia. Columbus sailed in search of the fabled Atlantis amid the seas of the west; and after he had made his grand discovery, in all his subsequent voyages he dreamt that Paradise, the long-lost Eden, still lay in its beauty somewhere on the uplands of the new world which he had found. Vasco di Gama aspired to unveil the shape and round the southern extremity of the African continent, successfully braving the stormy Spirit of the Cape. The daring Magellan did the same for Southern America; and passing through the rocky portals of the strait which now bears his name, he and his three ships entered the wide, unruffled, solitary expanse of the Pacific

They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea—

sailing for three months and a half over its calm depths without ever sighting land; and at length perishing, in the hour of their completed triumph, by the hands of savages, victims to their too reckless daring. Thrice did Cook circumnavigate the globe, discovering the isles innumerable of the Pacific to perish at last, like Magellan, on the sea beach of one of the Sandwich Islands.

And what of the gallant Raleigh, and the other searchers after Eldorado—the golden region which was believed to lie in the interior of the New World, somewhere between the rivers Orineco and Amazons—with its rocks so impregnated with the precious ore that they shone in the sunshine with a dazzling splendor; and its capital, Manoa, whose houses were roofed with plates of gold, and which stood upon a lake called Parima, whose sands were auriferous? All the sufferings of those ardent adventurers—some in search of riches, others with the higher, but still vainer, dream of Eden in their hearts—hardly convinced them that Eldorado was but a fiction of their heated imagination; and many a gallant heart, worthy of a better fate, then fell a victim to its high wrought fancies amid the wilds of Guiana—

All o'erspent with toil and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Still the passion for adventure lives, bravely, beautifully, madly as ever. Barton, Speke, Grant, Baker, take their lives in their hand, and penetrate the hot, fever haunted plains of Africa for the sake of unveiling the sources of the Nile; and are rewarded by seeing the blue gleaming waters of three great lakes—Tanganyika, the Victoria, and the Albert—rolling their waves beneath them, and spreading away in the blue distance far beyond what eye can reach; or by viewing the mighty Nile, as it leaps down the Napoleon Falls, and commences its journey to the valley land of Egypt, which itself has made, and which it yearly irrigates with its fertilizing waters. Livingstone, the greatest of African explorers—a humble-born, high-souled, hard-headed Scotchman—tired with the inaction and resultlessness of common missionary life, crosses intertropical Africa from sea to sea, discovering in succession Lakes Ngami, Shirwa, and Nyassa, the great Zambesi river, with its Victoria Falls, far exceeding in magnitude, though perhaps not in effect, the falls of Niagara; not forgetting the Bakota land, "where" (as even the natives say) "there is no hunger!" A blessed land, truly, where the soil is so rich and the climate so benign that even without aid from the chase—without pursuing the herds of elands and springbok that frequent the plains, or the countless hippopotami who wallow in the rivers (and whose flesh is as the flesh of pork to eat), the soil itself yields to the unskilled and light-sitting labor of the natives an abundancy of food. Is not that a land where civilization should one day arise and blossom into new shapes?—a land where, all the necessaries of life being abundantly supplied to all, the daily bread being ever made sure, the higher part of human nature may develope itself without obstruction, giving reins to thought, imagination, art, unfettered by that reflection which so often stays the hand of genius when about to engage in some royal work—some masterpiece—that ugly chilling whisper—"Meanwhile, how can I live?" David Livingstone's name will stand forever in the front rank of the heroes of discovery. "Some people," said Livingstone, "may bring against me the charge of enthusiasm. I only wish I deserved it; for nothing good or great has ever been accomplished in the world without it."

And now, Sherard Osborn wants to sail for the Pole. He has been among the ice fields before; he makes light of their dangers, and longs to return to them on a still grander mission. Science says that there are two points of greatest cold, one to the west, the other to the east of the Pole—the former about Melville Island, the latter to the north of Siberia—and between them lies regions of lesser cold. "Only eleven degrees of cold at the Pole." How attractive! True, such a degree of cold would be described as almost unbearable if it were to befall us even for a day in our comfortable quarters. But it is luxury to men like Osborn and M'Lintock, who have wintered amid the perennial ice of Melville Island. Only eleven degrees of cold! Why, what stretches of unfrozen sea there must be in summer—long reaches of open water running deep into the ice continent, and leading up to the Pole itself! Nay, is there not the vision of a Polar Sea to lure on bold adventurers in their search?—a wide basin of sea girdled all round by ice, but ever free and in motion, with its waves breaking into white crests as they roll over the blue expanse, disporting themselves above the very acme of our globe? That Polar Sea rises before the mental sight of our Arctic explorers as Eldorado did in the imagination of Raleigh and the adventurers of the sixteenth century; or as the dimly remembered Italian palace, with its gleaming marble pillars, rose up before the yearning heart of Goethe's Mignon. "Let us go to it!" says Sherard Osborn. What is life without adventure?

A NOVELIST'S TRIALS.

"The history of mankind," says Feurbach, "consists of nothing else than a continuous and progressive conquest of limits, which, at a given time, pass for the limits of humanity." If some ingenious person were to write the history of novel writing, he would trace for us the continuous and hopeless struggle of a large number of very worthy men and women against those limits of humanity that are unchangeable. It is true that occasionally our novel writers are goaded into disregarding such limits altogether. Variety they must have; and, as every species of the perplexing *genus homo* has been described, they have boldly to invent new species, to which cause we trace the birth of the novel monster. Will not some one take him up and examine him scientifically? Cannot some one publish a book of plates, with the different varieties of the creature accurately represented? Then we shall have the lily-fingered, red-haired murderess, the superhumanly intelligent and ubiquitous "dottie," the Admirable Crichton, with a bicep of a hundred horse power, all brought together, figured, named and classified. By this means links might be furnished to the philosopher for arriving at any possible theory with regard to the origin of man. Out of our book of monsters we could trace human nature back to the fallen angels of the *Paradise Lost*; out of the same book we could study its future development, and construct the anatomical skeleton of the glorified man of the fifteenth century.

But all through those efforts of the novelist to produce variety, we observe the despairing consistency with which he recognises the presence of those particular limits which we called unchangeable; it is his manful and hopeless fight with these that we propose to exhibit.

First, the color of the human eye. A great deal is to be done with the eye by a skilful novelist. A single glance may produce a catastrophe sufficient to plunge twenty or thirty people, during the period of three volumes, into profound misery. The eyes of a heroine are always appealed to when the English language becomes insufficient to describe the emotions of her heart. Now, suppose the reader were about to write a novel—for the sake of the hypothesis, he will consent to occupy the painful position—he would require to have, at the very least, the following persons:—1, the hero; 2, the heroine; 3, the heroine's girl friend; 4, the villain; 5, the villain's tool; 6, the hero's friend; and 7, the heroine's female enemy. We do not propose to increase his difficulties by burdening him with a stage full of people; it is sufficient to have to men like Osborn and M'Lintock, who have wintered amid the perennial ice of Melville Island. Only eleven degrees of cold! Why, what stretches of unfrozen sea there must be in summer—long reaches of open water running deep into the ice continent, and leading up to the Pole itself! Nay, is there not the vision of a Polar Sea to lure on bold adventurers in their search?—a wide basin of sea girdled all round by ice, but ever free and in motion, with its waves breaking into white crests as they roll over the blue expanse, disporting themselves above the very acme of our globe? That Polar Sea rises before the mental sight of our Arctic explorers as Eldorado did in the imagination of Raleigh and the adventurers of the sixteenth century; or as the dimly remembered Italian palace, with its gleaming marble pillars, rose up before the yearning heart of Goethe's Mignon. "Let us go to it!" says Sherard Osborn. What is life without adventure?

Second, the color of the hair. Here Nature's limits are even harder, much as the inexperienced reader may doubt it. He observes many kinds and shades of hair, but how to distinguish them in print? A novelist must be constantly referring to the hair of his characters; and he cannot each time introduce a page of critical definition and description. Definite distinctions he finds to consist of black, brown, golden-yellow, red (for an idiot or a murderess only), and grey or white (for elderly and insignificant persons). Further, there must be correspondence between the eyes and hair, which increases the difficulty. The heroine with the blue eyes must possess herself of the yellow hair; the hero naturally gets black hair; and an excellent conjunction for a partly idiotic villain's tool is to be found in red hair and green eyes (this suggestion is copyright if not yet used). Apparently, there is nothing which so frequently angers a novelist as this matter of hair; and, constantly, he becomes quite incoherent in striving to get rid of the difficulty. He wildly describes the hair as "massive," or "rippling sun light," or "hyacinthine shadows," and then, with a vague consciousness that these hap hazard dashes only leave blurred lines, he goes back again and again, hopelessly trying to give to the impossible shade a definite character.

Third, physical conformation. No man may be described in a novel as being over seven feet in height—a natural limitation which lady novelists especially reem to regard with abhorrence and rage. When the nobility of a man's nature is meant to be indicated by his height, it seems hard that the novelist should have to stop short at six feet four or five. She generally takes it out in muscle, however. Her six footer can seize a bull by the horns and hold him; he can suspend himself for an hour and a half over a cliff by his two fingers; he could have strangled the serpents of the Laocoon, and eaten them for breakfast. But if you make your hero tall and strong he must have no rival. His frien l must be pale-faced and consumptive. The villain must be haggard and stooping; the villain's tool must be short and stumpy. In the matter of physical conformation, it is true, the novelist has great latitude, because so many elements enter into it that he can avoid those which suggest uniformity in his characters. And uniformity cannot be tolerated. Let the reader for a moment fancy a novel—or, better still, a play—in which all the men are six feet high and muscular; the thing would be a burlesque.

Lastly, temperament and disposition, on which character is supposed to be chiefly founded. There, also, Nature's limits are very harsh. Occasionally we find a novelist who devotes a whole book to a subtle, careful and faithful delineation of the complex nature of some man or woman; but it is not of such works of genius that we speak here. We are engaged with the ordinary novelist, who first divides his characters into good and bad, and then proceeds to show us particular exhibitions of their goodness and badness. Now, there is nothing so grateful to most readers as broad distinctions; they like to know whom to admire and whom to despise in a novel; and they like to admire and despise thoroughly. When a novelist, therefore, boldly makes his or her heroine above her husband into a coal pit, and then go and marry two or three men indiscriminately, the reader as well as the writer feels safe. There can be no dubiety about the woman's character in like manner, when the pallid and interesting seamstress, starving in her garret, refuses the offer of the haughty nobleman, we know that there can be no mistake about her splendid virtue, and we are pleased, and applaud or shed tears. A good disposition of the temperaments is to make the heroine sanguinous, the hero phlegmatic (most heroes are unintentionally so), the villain melancholic, and some parent, aunt or other guardian, choleric. But what are we to do with all our other characters—who may be supposed to be waiting for some Pythagorean infusion of soul? Then, as to the disposition of these people, variety is impossible. Both the hero and heroine may be affectionate; but only one of them may be allowed to be markedly generous. The villain is, of course, suspicious; the villain's tool covetous, and the heroine's friend patient. But patience is an insignificant virtue; and, in any case, how are we to distinguish between the goodness of the hero and the goodness of the hero's friend? and between the badness of the villain and the badness of the female enemy? The popular imagination admits of no qualifying shadows in the portrait of an angel; the devil must be as black as he can be painted. But, on the other hand, we can't have all our good people habitually refusing money from the haughty nobleman; neither can we have all our bad people plotting in the same manner, in the same language and for the same purpose. The longer this problem confronts the novelist, the more disgusted he becomes; until, finally, he bursts away from the trammels of nature's possibilities, and takes to creating the monsters of which we speak. Nay, so vehement is he sometimes, that he will dare to defy all limits and conditions and laws. He will have his heroine with pale, golden hair and large black eyes; she shall have a physical nature prompting her to the most fearful crimes, and her soul shall be white and unstained; she shall be dying of consumption, and yet able to leap into a lake and swim ashore.

Looking over the successive generations of those hybrid creatures to whom our libraries from week to week give birth, one cannot help regarding them as the piteous expression of a strong and indignant force endeavoring to break through the galling limitations of humanity.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Jerome Park Summer Meeting.

FIRST DAY'S RACING—NEMESIS WINS THE MILE AND A QUARTER DASH—FLORA M'IVOR THE WESTCHESTER HANDICAP—INVERCAULD THE TWO YEAR OLD RACE, AND RICHARD B. CONNOLLY THE MILE HEAT RACE.

The Summer Meeting of the American Jockey Club commenced at Jerome Park on Tuesday, June 30th, and continued over Wednesday and Thursday, July 1st and 2d. The most delightful weather prevailed during the three days, but owing to the recentness of the Spring Meeting, and the counter attraction of the German Sharpshooting Festival, the attendance was not so large as was anticipated, except on the last day, when the irresistible attraction of the hurdle race drew a large number to the course to witness it. The drive through the Central Park and along the recently opened Jerome Park avenue to the gates of the course, was delightfully pleasant, the odor of the newly mown hay mingling with the perfume of flowers as our carriage rolled along the well kept and well watered road through the Park, being perfectly delicious. The display of elegant equipages was large and magnificent. Of the four in hand teams that passed by us on the road, we noticed Mr. Belmont's four in hand drag, having a black and bay at the pole and a grey and bay as leaders; Mr. Vyse's famous quartette of Westchester greys; Mr. C. Thomas' stately blacks, and last—but far superior to the others in beauty, style, speed and action—the superb four in hand of Mr. J. R. Fellows, bright bays, admirably matched; each capable of doing the mile in 2:39 and together in 3 minutes, and handled by their owner with such masterly skill that they seem to step along like a single horse, so truly in time do they move together.

There were four races on the card for the first day, a dash of a mile and a quarter commencing the sport. The entries were Charles Floyd's black filly Nemesis, a daughter of imported Eclipse, and possessing an unusually large share of that fine speed which he bestows on all his progeny; Lancaster, the youngest of that famous quartette family, composed of Lightning, Loadstone and Thunder, all sons of the great Lexington and Blue Bonnet; Lizzie Rogers, the daughter of an unknown brother to Frank Allen and Jenny Rose, dam of the once famous miler, Capt. Moore; Raquette, the gray son of Eclipse and Fidelity, who once rejoiced in the name of "Number Three;" Jubal, the pony-built son of Balrownie and Julia, and Local, the hero of the Westchester Cup. Of this lot, the beautiful black filly Nemesis was made the favorite, for it leaked out that she had run a wonderfully fast trial, doing a mile in 1:47, with her shoes on, a performance that justly entitled her to the premiership in the betting Still Lancaster had many staunch friends, who invested their money on him with spirit, remembering the case with which he beat Metairie at the recent spring meeting. In one pool, sold just before the race, Nemesis brought $425; Lancaster, $360; Lizzie Rogers, $65; Local and Jubal, $40; and Raquette, $20. Lizzie Rogers and Jubal made the running for the first mile, when Hayward brought out Lancaster, and passing them both, in coming up the homestretch, he seemed to have the race in hand. Half way up, Nemesis, who had laid in the rear, came with a tremendous rush, challenged Lancaster at the distance, and, after a magnificent finish, she beat him across the string by a neck only, Lizzie Rogers third, Raquette fourth and Local last. Time, 2:12½, the fastest mile and a quarter ever made

JEROME PARK, June 30.—Premium $530, for all ages, a mile and a quarter dash.

C. Lloyd's blk f Nemesis, 3 years, by imp. Eclipse, dam Echo, by Lexington 1
M. H. Sanford's b h Lancaster, 5 years, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnet 2
D. McDaniels' ch f Lizzie Rogers, 3 years, by brother to Frank Allen, dam Jenny Rose, by imp. Glencoe 3
The Jerome Park Stable's gr h Raquette, 4 years, by imp. Eclipse, dam Fidelity 4
J. W. Weldon's b g Jubal, 5 years, by imp. Balrownie, dam Julia, by Glencoe 5
J. W. Weldon's ch h Local, 5 years, by Lightning, dam Maroon, by imp. Glencoe 6

Time, 2:12½.

THE WESTCHESTER HANDICAP

was the second race. It was for a purse of $500, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each, half forfeit, over a mile and three quarters. The entries were fifteen in number, of which five started. Flora M'Ivor, 118lbs.; Eagle, 94lbs., Northumberland, 83lbs.; Flora McIvor, 95lbs, and Clara Clarita, 92lbs. The two light-weights, Flora McIvor and Northumberland, were the favorites, and about equally fancied, for in the last pool sold, each brought $500; Onward, $400; Eagle, $100, and Clara Clarita, $100. Clara Clarita was the first off, with Flora second, Onward third, Northumberland fourth and Eagle last. After going around the club house hill, Northumberland took a second place, which he retained on the homestretch by leading a short distance, but as they crossed the string Flora McIvor was in possession of the lead. This she held throughout, for although Northumberland made a resolute effort to collar her as they came into the homestretch, he failed to do so, and the filly won by two lengths; Clara Clarita, who passed Northumberland at the finish, being second and Onward last of all. Time, 3:12½.

SAME DAY.—Westchester handicap of $550, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each, half forfeit, but only $40 if declared; second horse to receive $100 out of the stakes; one and three quarter miles. Closed with fifteen entries. Winner of a handicap after the publication of the weights, seven pounds extra; of two handicaps, ten pounds extra. Five came to the post.

J. Eckerson entered b f, Flora McIvor, by Lexington, dam Floride, by Wagner, 4 yrs old, 95 lbs 1
The Jerome Park Stable entered ch f, Clara Clarita, by Lapidist, dam Madonna, by Yorkshire, 92 lbs 2
M. H. Sanford entered b c, Northumberland, by Lexington, dam Novice, by Glencoe, 83 lbs 3
J. P. Ackerman entered ch h, Eagle, by Vandal, dam Edith, by Sovereign, aged, 104 lbs 4
F. Morris entered ch h, Onward, by Ringgold, dam My Lady, by Glencoe, aged, 118 lbs 5

Time, 3:12¾.

THE THIRD RACE

was a sweepstakes for two year olds, $200 entrance, $50 forfeit, over five furlongs. There were four entries, but only two started; Mr. Cameron's imported bay colt, Jubal, by St. Albans, the Derby winner of 1863, and Mr. Morris's chestnut colt by Eclipse, out of Fidelity. The latter was the favorite at $100 to $40, and even larger odds were occasionally obtainable. Invercauld took the lead, but, swerving, was quickly passed by Morris's colt, who opened such a wide gap that it seemed all over but shouting. Coming up the stretch, however, he tired so badly that his rider had to give him the whip vigorously. Seeing this Invercauld's jockey, who had given up riding, set to work again, and the filly answering with great gameness, he collared the Eclipse colt, passed and beat him by three lengths in 1:06¾.

SAME DAY.—A sweepstakes for two year olds; $200 entrance, $50 forfeit; five furlongs. Closed with four entries.

R. W. Cameron entered b f Invercauld, by St. Albans, dam Eleanor 1
F. Morris entered ch c by Eclipse, out of Fidelity 2
The Annieswood Stable entered b c Sapphire, by Balrownie, dam the Gloamin, by Glencoe ..... dr
F. Morris entered b c by Eclipse, out of Arlington mare ..... dr

Time, 1:06¾.

THE MILE HEAT RACE

for all ages, for a purse of $700, had six starters—Richard B. Connolly, General Yorke, Metairie, King John, Egotist and Local. The betting at the start was R. B Connolly, $52; Metairie, $430; Egotist, $55; Local, $30; and General Yorke, $30. Connolly made the running from the start to the finish, with Metairie second, who never headed, and won by two lengths, King John second, and Metairie third. Time, 1:47¾.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting now was $100 to $20 on Connolly, who made the running from end to end, and won by a length; Gen. Yorke, who came with a rush at the finish, being second. Time, 1:47¾.

SAME DAY.—Premium $700; mile heats, for all ages.

D. McDaniels' br c R. B. Connolly, 4 years, by Lexington, dam Lucy Fowler, by imp. Albion 1 1
The Jerome Park Stable's ch h Fleetwing, aged, by Balrownie, dam Rhoda, by Glencoe 2 2
Jerome Park Stable's ch c DeCourcey, 4 yrs, by Trovatore, dam Rhoda 3 3
F. Morris' ch h Onward, 6 yrs, by Ringgold, My Lady, by Glencoe 4 4
J. Eckerson's ch c Metairie, 4 years, by Star Davis, dam Katona, by Voucher 5 5
M. H. Sanford's b c King John, 3 years, by Lexington, dam Yokatan 6 6
A. A. Hopper's ch c Egotist, 4 years, by imp Eclipse, dam Vanity 7 7
J. W. Weldon's ch h Local, 5 years, by Lightning, dam Maroon, by imp. Glencoe 8 8

Time, 1:47¾; 1:47¾.

SECOND DAY.

INVERUGLASS WINS THE TWO YEAR STAKES—JAMES A. CONNOLLY THE TWO MILE HEAT RACE—BERAGNE THE WELTER CUP AND REDWING THE SELLING RACE.

The attendance was very small on Wednesday, the second day, for although the weather was fine there was not much attraction in the way of winning a purse. The two year old race was the first event, for a purse of $500, added to a sweepstake of $50 each, dash of five furlongs. Of the thirteen entries the following came to the post:—Mr. M. H. Sanford's ch f The Nun (sister to Norfolk), Mr. Belmont's ch c Fenian; Mr Cameron's imported br f Inveruglass; and Mr. Purdy's b f Ouida. The form shown by Mr. Cameron's filly in the two year old race the first day, made her stable companion Inveruglass much fancied, coupled with her own good looks, for she is a very racing like filly. In the betting Inveruglass sold at $170; Ouida, $165; and The Nun, $70. The start was from the foot of the club house hill, and Inveruglass quickly showed in front. She held her advantage throughout, for although Fenian made a resolute effort to reach her in coming up the stretch, he failed to do so and Mr. Cameron's filly won by two lengths. Time, 1:04¾.

JEROME PARK, JULY 1.—Two year old stakes, of $50 each, h ft, with $530 added by the club. Any previous winner of $1,000 to carry five pounds extra; of $1,500, seven pounds; five furlongs.

R. W. Cameron's br f Inveruglass, by Old Calabar, dam Juniper, by Bay Middleton 1
A. Belmont's ch c Fenian, by Mickey Free, dam Spinetta, by Stockwell 2
M. H. Sanford's ch f The Nun, by Lexington, dam Novice 3
Purdy and Withers' b f Ouida, by Lexington, out of Edith, by Sovereign 4

Time, 1:04¾.

THE TWO MILE HEAT RACE,

for a purse of $1,000, for all ages, was the second race. The entries were J. W. Pennock's ch c James A. Connolly; D. McDaniel's br c Richard B. Connolly, and the Jerome Park Stable's ch h Fleetwing. In the betting James A. Connolly was the favorite at $100 to $40 on him, for Fleetwing had a sore leg, and Richard B. Connolly was looked upon as his only dangerous opponent. The favorite made the running throughout, Richard B. waiting upon him for about a mile and a quarter, when he made his run and got on even terms. James A., however, shook him off, as he did a second time on the homestretch, when he came again, and he won by a length in 3:45¾, Fleetwing was distanced.

SECOND HEAT.—Betting $100 to $10 on James A. Connolly, who led throughout, and won the heat and race by a length, in 3:45¾.

SAME DAY.—Premium $1,000; for all ages, two mile heats.

T. W. Pennock's ch c Jas. A. Connolly, 4 years, by Vandal, dam by imp. Margrave 1 1
D. McDaniels' br c R. B. Connolly, 4 years, by Lexington, dam Lucy Fowler, by imp. Albion 2 2
Jerome Park Stable's ch h Fleetwing, aged, by Balrownie, dam Rhoda, by Glencoe ..... dis.

Time, 3:45¾; 3:45¾.

THE WELTER CUP,

value of $250, was the third race, and was for horses used as hacks, and ridden by gentlemen of the club. There were six entries, but one (Mr. Cameron's Craigside) being drawn, there were five starters. These were Mr. Cameron's Birague; Mr. Armstrong's Free Lance; Mr. Appleton's Arlington; Mr. Livingstone's Rover, and Mr. Van Courtlandt's Rebel. In the pools, Rocks, who had been twice a winner at the meeting here last fall, was the favorite, bringing in pools $160; Arlington, $115; Rebel, $60; Birague, $55, and Free Lance, $55. Free Lance and Rebel made the running for three quarters of a mile, the favorite unable to go the pace, and falling into the rear. As the horses turned into the homestretch, Arlington came out and joined issue with Free Lance, and the race seemed left to the pair. Half way up, Mr. McDougall brought out Birague, and chopping down the leaders with seeming ease, he galloped home an easy winner by two lengths, in 1:56½, Free Lance second, and Arlington third.

SAME DAY.—The Welter cup, value $250, added to a sweepstakes of $25 each, p. p., for horses used as hacks, and to be ridden by members of the Club. A dash of one mile, Welter weights.

J. McDougal's b g Birague, 6 years 1
D. M. Armstrong's br g Free Lance, 4 years, by imp Balrownie, dam Zuliska, by Willis 2
W. H. Appleton's ch g Arlington, aged 3
C. Livingston's ch g Rocks, aged 4
J. B. Van Courtland's br m Rebel, aged ..... dr
R. W. Cameron's g g Craig Side, aged ..... dr

THE SELLING RACE

had only two entered—Jubal and Redwing. The distance was a mile and three quarters, and as it was thought too far for Redwing, the odds of $100 to $60 were laid on Jubal. He got a tremendous start of the filly, who was left at the post, but Jubal bolting in the direction of the stables, she started off, and before the jockey of Jubal could bring him into the track again she had gained a lead of one hundred yards. Of course, this gap could not be closed, and Redwing won in a canter, in 3:21.

SAME DAY.—Selling Stakes of $25, with $500 added; one and three-quarter miles.

The Jerome Park Stables' b f Redwing, 4 years, by Balrownie, dam Cyclone, by Vandal; to be sold for $500 1
J. W Weldon's b g Jubal, 4 years, by Balrownie, dam Julia, by Glencoe, to be sold for $500 2

Time, 3:21.

THIRD DAY.

EAGLE WINS THE HURDLE RACE, GENERAL DUKE THE THREE YEAR OLD SWEEPSTAKES, DECOURCEY THE GRAND NATIONAL STAKES, CLIMAX THE SILVER CUP, AND BLACK KNIGHT THE ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR MATCH.

The fine weather continued over the third and concluding day of the meeting, and the attraction of the hurdle race brought out the largest attendance of the meeting. Among the notabilities present we noticed the manly form and genial face of Jem Wand, the renowned ex-Champion of England, who found himself, to his astonishment, recognizing on every hand American gentlemen whose acquaintance he had made in England.

THE HURDLE RACE

commenced the sport. It was over six hurdles and a mile and three-quarters. The contesting horses were Blackbird, carrying 156lbs., and with his old jockey Clement Alloway on him; Eagle, who ran third to Norfolk for the first Jersey Derby at Paterson, when Kentucky was only able to gain second place, and Gerald, formerly called Head C nire. He Hayward rode Gerald and Gaffney was on Eagle. Notwithstanding the heavy weight he carried, odds of $100 to $40 were laid on Blackbird, whose merits as a hurdler were well known. He got well off two lengths ahead of Gerald, while Eagle was left behind, having had his head hard in the contrary direction when the blundering starter dropped the flag. Blackbird led Gerald three lengths over the first hurdle at the base of the club house hill, while Eagle was a dozen lengths behind Gerald. The second and third hurdles were leaped in the same order, and as they passed the stand on the first time round Blackbird was leading three lengths, with Eagle only six lengths behind Gerald and rapidly overhauling him. At the fourth hurdle (being on the second time round) Eagle took second place, having passed Gerald, who could not go the pace, and he closed so rapidly on the favorite that he was at his quarters as the fifth hurdle was taken. Coming up the stretch, he got on even terms, and both horses took the sixth and last hurdle at the same moment. A most exciting race home now ensued, and expectation stood on tiptoe to see the result. Stride for stride the horses swept towards the winning post, but in the last few yards Eagle got his head in front and won a splendid race by three-quarters of a length in 3:32¼.

THURSDAY, July 2d.—HURDLE RACE.—Handicap; premium $500; $100 to second horse; one and three-quarter miles, over six hurdles; $50 entrance, h ft.

J. P. Ackerman's ch h Eagle, aged, by Vandal, dam by imp. Sovereign, 156lbs ..... Gaffney 1
D. McDaniel's blk h Blackbird, aged, by imp. Albion, dam by imp. Alnderby, 156lbs ..... Alloway 2
J. H. Bowling's br g

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, July 6, 1868.

IT IS OVER—the 4th, we mean—one of the scorchiniest days that ever tired out the patience of man, or dissolved into rivulets of meandering streams the too solid flesh of which Bill Shakespeare so feelingly speaks. To add to the natural heat, we were obliged to submit to much that was unnatural in the way of cannon shooting by the Scheutzenfesters, gun shooting by reckless rovers of the streets and squib shooting by the army of urchins, who came forth in their strength on the anniversary of our national birth. "Our Jim," who is a profane person when in his cups, says it was about "as hot as ——." To which a friend at our elbow replied by saying if the place named is "hotter than New York was on the 4th, then he doesn't want to go there." Our many thousands of visitors cannot assert that they did not meet with a warm reception.....Indoor amusements were certainly at a double discount on the 4th, and those few courageous individuals who had the temerity to attend the *matinees* on that day ought to be voted the freedom of the places they patronized for the balance of their unnatural lives. It was parboiling enough in the open air, but it was parboilinger in the theatres, and as we—who sat out quietly the performance at one of them—noticed the dripping features and drooping collars of the stewed and roasted players, we could not refrain from paying a well-merited tribute to that pure "love of art" which induces them to forego the pleasures of the 4th for the purpose of contributing to the enjoyment of the people at large. "Our Jim" says it isn't their love of art, but their love of stamps which induces such histrionic martyrdom.....People are going out of town very fast—everybody who has saved up five dollars or so looks seasideward or countryward—some few may better their condition, but many will step "out of the frying pan into the fire," if we may be permitted to use that entirely new and original figure of speech. Jeems will give the crank a turn, and turn out a few rhymes on those poor victims of fashion, showing

WHERE THEY WOULD LIKE TO GO.

Where the brisk breeze blows, where the green grass grows,
And the time, so light, doth flow—
Where in pleasures mete, the hours go fleet,
Is where all would like to go.

And

WHERE THEY DO GO.

Where they dress to kill, where the food's cook'ed ill,
And life is only a show;
Where the beds are hard, and true comfort's barred,
That's where 'tis the *fashion* to go.

.....At last legs must "walk off." After nearly two years of illegitimate leg-erderman, and after gaining a leg-ion of friends, and enemies too—the latter of whom tried to get the Leg-islature to leg-islate that the show of legs was not leg-al, inasmuch as they had little on them, not even a leg-gin, but to which that honorable body replied that it was their *will* that the legs go on, and being in their will and in nobody's way, they became *leg-at-ease*, which is no doubt a leg-ible, not to say leg-able joke—we say after all these years, legs must now give leg bail for their future good behavior. Yes, with the current week, the leg drama must give way to something perhaps worse, and its past existence will remain but in leg-ends. It may not be inappropriate, therefore, if we indite a few verses, if not an I. F. G. on legs, and their standing as regards

YE BALLET GIRLS.

Oh! ballet girls, a long farewell,
For now from us you start—
Legitimate assumes its sway—
Its part for foreign part.
With all complainis against you, how
You shocked all decent laws,
We saw no cause in how you played—
Your skirts were all the gauze.

In spite of all these cavillings—
'Twas said in all the Cuffens
That you were firm in social life,
Tho' working you wear sllippers;
And you were smart as any girls
That one may chance to meet,
And with your pretty *legs* have done
Full many a clever *feat*.

And glad we were to always see
You'd work to joy enhance—
You liked to be in *dance as fast*,
As I was your *fate to dance*.
And for that reason—nothing else—
'Twas found when you began
To fill a play up with your *legs*,
That play began to *run*.

We do not mean to talk too much
Of you, or be a raiser
Nor *appraiser* of your worth,
For fear we'd be *a praiser*;
But this we hope, that ever may
You keep pure as the rose,
And easy conscience make your *sleep*
A "*light fantastic doze*."

.....Cousin Blanche entreated us to take her to Dan Bryant's, on Fourteenth street, on the 4th of July, ere her departure for Long Branch. We knew the penalty in such hot weather—a vapor bath—yet we could not resist, so

At eight of the clock, with our tickets secure,
We arrived, Blanche and I, arm in arm at the door;
The house was quite full and we had a tussle
To get to the seats, but after a while
Of skirts had subsided Blanche opened her fan
And used it as sweetly as any girl can.
"Very warm" were the words that I heard on my right;
Behind me one said 'twas "a very hot night,"
Before me, a very stout lady in black,
Declared as a dew drop coursed down her back,
"I know I shall faint—oh, pray take me out, Jones,"
But just at that moment the comical "Bones"
Sent Jones in convulsions, and though she was raging
With *chaleur* excessive, she caught the contagion,
And despite of the heat, both above and below,
The laughter rang out, Unsworth tickled 'em so.
But when the calm came that succeeded a storm,
This chorus commenced again, "*Isn't it warm?*"
And none but a Hottentot baked in the sun
Could have found any comfort, in spite of the fun;
Hot and hotter it grew, no Jersey farmer
In the dog days, sir, could ever feel warmer.
And at length poor, dear Blanche whispered "I take me
Away from this horrible heat, it will bake me."
So we pushed and we struggled, as great as Jerusa,
'Mid scores of steel hoops and loud cries of "sit down"
(What did it matter so she did not frown),
Till at length, arm in arm, with a look of defiance
I led my sweet Blanche from the famous Dan Bryant's.

.....The slender chance which often contributes to the success or damnation of a play has its illustrations of almost daily occurrence. We once knew a fine drama to be utterly ruined by the chief actor sticking fast in a round trap which he proved too fat to get through, and another to be ruined by the giving way of the principal lady's under gear. At the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under Burton's management, a five act play was produced of great literary merit, entitled "Marcus Curtius, or the Gulf of Rome." The climax was effected by the plunge of Marcus on his fiery steed into the terrible abyss, from the height of the flies, but, by some mismanagement, the basket horse and rider, got up expressly for that purpose, refused to descend more than half the distance, and hung swinging slowly round and round in mid air, like a veritable hippogriff. The curtain fell amid roars of laughter, and the play was shelved after its second representation. The company at the Arch embraced a man of Lambertian proportions, rejoicing in the name of Smith, who could get along very well in any part for which he happened to be cast, but was utterly destitute of natural resources. It was in those good old days when the performance was prolonged "ayont the twal" and audiences would *not* go home, anyhow you could fix it, without their five act tragedy, melodrama, farce and dances. The actor's downfall was produced in this wise:—the programme was an unusually long one, and the performers were droning through the farce with lugubrious tediousness when Burton, angry at the delay, ordered Smith to go on "and cut the thing short." Smith obeyed his instructions in the most literal manner, but even the manager was startled by the way in which he went about it. The *dramatis personæ*, some six in number, were interpreting the plot as best they might, when Smith made his appearance upon the scene. Being a lusty man, he first seized the nearest actor by the arm and flung him clear across the stage. He next pounced upon the low comedian and gave him a gentle "hist" into the orchestra. The rest he scattered right and left; the women shrieked and ran off, and the men, thinking they were dealing with a lunatic, prepared for resistance. A desperate real struggle ensued and the curtain fell amid an uproar like that which is supposed to reign in Pandemonium, the spectators acting as though they had been present at a "prejudiced" prize fight. At the Old Bowery, some years ago, plays were produced with lakes and cataracts of real water for the main effect. The result was striking, but was lost upon a majority of the performers, whose dressing room was under the stage. On the first night the great tank burst and a deluge of real water suddenly flooded the apartment, scattering the actors in disagreeable confusion. The eccentric Billy Gates was a member of this company. Having a defective memory, Billy was much given to "gagging." Another peculiarity was his fondness for a practical joke. One evening Billy was sustaining the part of a comic servant when an actor against whom he had a grudge appeared upon the ramparts of a baronial castle as a sentinel. Mindful of stage directions, the sentry presents his piece as he sternly asks, "Who goes?" "*You go!*" shouted Billy, abruptly terminating the dialogue by throwing him into the lake. At the little Olympic, under Charles E. Thorne, they were performing the tragedy of "Douglas," when the actor who is to announce the serving of the banquet turned up missing. That the audience might not be disappointed, an old darkey who did chores for the prompt box and was something of a theatrical shark, stuck his enormous head out at the wing and exclaimed, with a broad grin on his features and in tones of fearful distinctness, "de banquet's waitin', Massa Thorne!" The effect may be imagined.

On another occasion, "Rolla" was being performed at the little Franklin, when, enter a certain illiterate actor with the announcement, "My lord, yonder upon the hills we have surprised *an old cask!*" "Well, roll it in and we'll tap it!" was the witty rejoinder; and hearty was the laugh which spoiled the opening speech of the "old cacique."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE is at present being overhauled and a general refitting taking place. The seats in the parquet have been raised, also the flooring in the gallery, so as to give a good view of the stage. Those uncomfortable chairs in the orchestra have been removed and the patent iron folding chairs put in their place. The auditorium will be freshly painted, the dome frescoed, new matting laid on the floors, a new drop curtain painted, also new scenery, and the stage will be somewhat improved. The season will commence on August 10th under the management of Charley White and Sandy Spencer, with Mons. La Thorne as stage manager. Mr. William Lingard will be the opening attraction and a good variety company has been engaged.

A CIRCUS is about to be opened in this city, we understand, and talent of various descriptions is wanted therefor, as will be seen by M. L.'s advertisement in another column.

TOM PLACIDE, the well known low comedian, has at last perpetrated matrimony, having recently been united to a Mrs. Davis, a wealthy widow lady, resident in this city. We understand that it was an *affair de cœur* of many years standing, dating as far back as the time when Tom was a bright particular star at the Park Theatre, fully forty years ago. The happy pair are spending the honeymoon at a beautiful residence which the bride has recently purchased on the Shrewsbury river. The many friends of the bridegroom in different parts of the Union will be surprised to learn of his being caught in Hymen's bonds, for Tom Placide has ever been a bitter railer against the fair sex.

MARTIN HANLEY has sufficiently recovered from his late severe illness to get out, and for the first time in several weeks took a walk on the 6th inst. He has gone with his wife, Marietta Ravel, to pass the summer on a farm at South Hanson, Mass., a short distance from Boston. With the exception of seven weeks' sickness, which Marietta had in Cleveland, Ohio, their season has been pecuniarily a successful one.

LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, dramatic agents, continue to be pretty busy with managers and performers preparing for the fall campaign. They have booked with them a number of the oldest managers and stock artists in the dramatic profession, and all who are in search of talent or want a position should call on this firm.

THEATRICALS have wilted under the depressing influences of the recent heated term, and but little business is doing anywhere. Pike's Opera House looks lonely in its grandeur, for its doors are closed, and not even a dog and monkey show would be able to attract a corporal's guard there at present. It may be set down as a magnificent failure, owing to mismanagement more than to any other cause. Banvard's establishment is another "sealed book." It has never been properly handled, and has never been made to pay. Whether the new regime will be able to infuse some life into it is a question which the fall season may be able to settle. It is about as far up town as it ought to be, but Managers Wood and Colville are making arrangements to place the theatre on a new footing, with curiosities as a feature, and lecture room accompaniments to match. The French Theatre is being renovated, preparatory to a fall opening. Booth's new theatre is progressing. It will probably open in January, and for a time achieve a great success. Niblo's, after an extraordinarily long season, the greater portion of which witnessed the most brilliant results ever attending any theatrical speculation in this country, will close on the 11th inst., the poor business done there of late not warranting the management in running the "White Fawn" any longer. It will remain closed for a brief season, and will reopen under new auspices at an early day. The Theatre Comique is also closed, as is the Stadt, in the Bowery. Wallack's is occupied by a made-up company, the regular season having terminated there five or six weeks ago. The piece now forming the attraction there is in striking contrast to the style of entertainments offered by Manager Wallack. The Academy of Music is shut up close, and its "soul of music fled." The Hippotheatron, opposite, is also among the closed up establishments, but its proprietor is doing a large business in the provinces with his traveling exhibition. Kelly & Leon's Opera House is undergoing repairs and alterations, while the troupe is absent on a tour of observation in other cities. So, too, is the hall of the San Francisco Minstrels. Tony Pastor's establishment is occupied temporarily by a minstrel organization at present, and the Old Bowery might as well be closed for all the business it is doing. The Broadway Theatre is yet open, but how long it will remain so, we are unable to say. The Olympic is doing tolerably well and will probably continue on through the summer. Concerts, except those given in the open air, are at a stand still, while miscellaneous entertainments are few and far between. It was thought that the Schuetzenfester's Festival and the Democratic Convention would put large stakes in the treasuries of our various places of amusement, but they did not come up to expectations with the thermometer at 90 deg., and lager beer at five cents a glass. With the nomination of a presidential candidate by the convention now sitting at Tammany Hall, the great political campaign of 1868 will be fairly inaugurated, and until November it will absorb all other subjects. Interfering, it is feared, with our amusements in particular and trade in general. The campaign will be short and sharp, if not decisive. Once over we may look for a season of social enjoyment probably, and a re union of old associations. In the meantime let our professional friends husband their resources and be prepared for a rainy day. If it comes not, all the better for them.

THE WORRELL SISTERS are worrying out the heated term at their New York Theatre with the burlesque on the "Duchess of Gerolstein." The sisters were visited by many of the delegates to the Convention during the past week, some of whom were completely fascinated by the charms of the young ladies. We presume many more delegates will be present this week, for the performances going on at the New York are fully as interesting as those given at Nev Tammany.

FANNY HERRING at the Old Bowery, John Brougham and his "Lottery of Life" at Wallack's, and "A Flash of Lightning" at the Broadway, are endeavoring to amuse the lovers of the blood and thunder and sensational drama.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" is running along as well as can be expected considering that we are undergoing the roasting process. While the Olympic, with its great pantomime, is making money for the managers, some of the other establishments are scarcely able to make both ends meet, such is the public distaste for any commonp ace entertainment during the dog days. "Humpty" will continue its gyrations until further notice.

E. EDDY closed his season at the Stadt Theatre on the 4th of July.

EDWIN BOOTH'S new theatre is being completed as fast as circumstances and trade strikes will permit. It is said that the house will not be ready for opening before the beginning of the year 1869. Mark Smith is mentioned as stage manager for the new establishment.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS opened in this city, at Tony Pastor's Opera House, on June 29th. They appeared to a good house, but business was only fair the balance of the week, owing to the heat. There are twelve performers in the first part, with Johnny Allen on the tambourine and Billy Manning as bones. Johnny Allen has made song and dance a specialty, in which he is very good, particularly as "Nicodemus Johnson," but he is not funny nor original enough for a successful "ender." Although his songs and gags are about as fresh as those of any other performer on the end, yet he fails to infuse in them sufficient wit to make him a funny comedian. Mr. Manning is said to have made a greater hit in Cincinnati than any comedian seen there for some time, consequently we expected to see and hear something fresh and original, which we did not do. On the contrary, his style is of the stereotyped order and his gags are all very old. Perhaps Mr. Manning is like several others we know of in the profession, who, although very quiet in their style, gradually grow in favor with his audiences, as was the case in Cincinnati. At any rate he is not a comedian that would please at first. The quartet is good, as is the instrumental music. Dr. J. Hanmer has a powerful and well modulated bass voice, as has R. S. Rosenthal. The former sang "Dublin Bay" and the latter "Kiss Me Mother Ere I Die" in such a pleasing manner as to receive a hearty *encore*. Kelly and Holly are clever representatives in a song and dance, while the dancing of Emerson appeared to please every one, judging by the amount of applause bestowed. His eccentric song and dance of the "Ticket of Leave" is not only new, but takes well, and Billy does it up in good style. He also did a song and dance, which was *encored* three times. This week Emerson and Manning take the ends, and Allen lays off. Johnny Wild, a favorite on the east side, and a versatile comedian, commences with this party; also, Myron Lewis, impersonator of female characters.

NIBLO'S GARDEN re-opens for a summer season of Opera Bouffe on the 20th inst., under the management of Mr. Bateman. The initial opera will be the "Grand Duchess." On June 30th we had a fresh influx of artists, who arrived from Europe on that day, for Bateman's round, as follows:—Mlle. Marforma, first soprano; Mlle. Jeann Duclos, soprano; Mlle. Henrietta Ross, second soprano; Mlle. Laruelle, Mlle Lemoine, Mlle. Sonati, Mlle. Desenfaus, sopranos; Messrs. Aujac, Dardignac, and Guidon, tenors; M. Daron, regisseur; M. Francis, baritone, and M. Dennery, chef d' orchestra. Mlle. Irma will be the Duchess in the place of Tostee, who will not return until late in the fall, owing to a little affair frequently occurring in well regulated families.

SEVERAL ATTEMPTS have already been made to induce Charlotte Cushman to play a brief engagement at one of our Broadway theatres, but all efforts have proved futile. We should be pleased once more to see this great artist in a round of those characters in which she has achieved such a well earned reputation, particularly in Lady Macbeth, Nancy Sykes, and Meg Merrilies.

STRETCHED across Broadway, near Bleecker street, is a canvass bearing this inscription:—"The Peoples' Choice for President—Dan Rice; of Pennsylrania." One of the humorist's gags, probably.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, actress; Miss Emma Stebbins, sculptress, and Mr. Wm. Mason, pianist, arrived here on the 30th June, by the Scotia, from England.

GRACE DARLING, who went to California about one year ago, and returned to this city about two months since, has recovered from her late indisposition sufficiently to return to the Golden State by the steamer of the 9th inst.

Dramatic.

RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS are addressed in a card in our advertising columns, by J. Biddles, who wishes to secure engagements for himself, Mrs. Biddles, his two daughters and Miss Amelia Watts. For line of business and references, read the card alluded to above.

HARRY B. HUDSON is about to finish his engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., and proceed to McVicker's, Chicago, Ill. In referring to him, one of the Boston papers pronounces the following eulogy:—"Harry B. Hudson, the popular juvenile man of the Museum, will soon leave us, as he is engaged to open at McVicker's, Chicago, as soon as he finishes a four weeks' summer season at the Howard Athenæum, for which he has been engaged to support Miss Kate Fisher. The habitues of the Museum have great cause to regret his departure from our midst, as he is one of the best juvenile men we have had at the Museum in many years—a careful and pleasing actor, a magnificent dresser and a favorite with everybody, the ladies especially. Harry is the very prince of good fellows—a genial, whole souled boy, and during his short stay among us he has made many and warm friends, both privately and professionally, by his gentlemanly conduct on and off the stage. Should he return to Boston, and we sincerely hope he may, he will receive as warm a welcome from his Boston admirers as we can safely bespeak for him from his old Chicago friends. We expect to hear brilliant reports of him in his new position. Our best wishes go with you, my boy!"

THE ST. JOSEPH (MO.) OPERA HOUSE, we are credibly informed, has been doing a fine business, under the management of Mr. Charles Camp, and as a proof of the popularity of the establishment, we are requested to publish the following card:—"Miss Maude De Lano has been stage manageress and Prof. Croft leader of orchestra. The company consists of Misses Maude and Stella De Lano, Misses Emma and Maggie Claire, Dick White, Frank May, George and Charley Reynolds. Friday, June 26th, the De Lano and Claire Sisters took a farewell benefit and had a crowded house. Long before time for the curtain to rise the house was jammed. Prominent among the many attractions was the 'Grecian Statue,' by the De Lano and Claire Sisters, which were the finest we have ever seen, and called forth a perfect storm of applause. Another prominent feature was the distribution of prizes, thirty of which were given to the holders of lucky numbers. The De Lano and Claire Sisters have been the greatest favorites that were ever in St. Joe, and have nightly received two and three *encores* in their songs, dances, &c. The house was to close on July 1st, for the summer months, and will reopen again in September for the fall and winter season, when Mr. Camp has secured the services of these four ladies, and as they bid us good bye for a short time, we wish them success during their absence, and will assure them of a hearty welcome on their return. MANY FRIENDS."

DAN WORCESTER, whose *forte* is old men and heavy business, advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement in that capacity, or as advance agent.

THE GLASSFORD DRAMATIC COMPANY, A. Glassford, manager, gave four entertainments in Lebanon, Pa., but they did not do very well.

JONES & WILKINSON'S DRAMATIC CONGRESS consists of Jones & Wilkinson, managers; Albert A. Wyatt, business manager; company, Miss Lillie Marden, Miss Mollie Newton, Mrs. S. A. Austin, Miss Lillie Barnes, Mr. Charlie Wilkinson, N. Salisbury, F. P. Donalds, F. Scallan and J. Callan. They played in Ludlow, Vt., June 29th and 30th; Rutland, July 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th.

SEATON'S "BLACK CROOK" was to close on the 4th of July at Lynchburg, Va. The Virginia and North Carolina towns are said to be too poor to support any kind of a show.

HENRY WILLARD, who recently purchased the Continental Theatre, Boston, was last week offered ten thousand dollars advance on the price paid by him for the property.

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS opened a six nights' engagement at Lyons, Iowa, on June 29, appearing as Madelaine, in the drama of that name, supported by Miss Annie Glover, Miss Josie Crocker, Miss Carrie Riggs, Messrs. H. W. Mitchell, Harry Jordan, H. A. Wentworth, F. W. Bernard, J. Stanaelle, Dick Johnson and A. H. Hastings. Miss Phelps also performed the part of Katty O'Shiel, in the comedy so called.

DR. SWEET, treasurer of the Alhambra Theatre, San Francisco, has retired, and is succeeded by Mr. S. Witherell.

W. B. HAMILTON, formerly treasurer of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, was to have sailed for Europe on June 13. Andrew Birrell is now the treasurer.

JOHN COLLINS, Irish comedian, was enjoying his *otium cum dig.* in San Francisco, at last advices.

THE MARTINETTI TROUPE were announced to commence an engagement at the Alhambra, San Francisco, on June 22d.

REPORTED MARRIED.—James Dwyer, late of the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., and Fanny Durand, of Zoe's Dramatic Company, are said to have been married in Oil City, Pa., on June 28th.

THE GOMERSAL COMBINATION opened at the Louisville, Ky., Theatre on June 29th, in the English version of the "Grand Duchess." During the piece Carrie and Charles Austin went through their military tactics with muskets.

THE REGULAR SEASON at the Boston Museum closed on July 4th. "The Long Strike" was the last performance, which piece was presented six times on the "glorious fourth."

MARY GLADSTANE was to join Plunkett's Troupe Monday, July 6th.

E. L. DAVENPORT IN A NEW PART.—A passenger who went out in the same steamer that carried E. L. Davenport to San Francisco is responsible for the following item concerning the appearance of E. L. Davenport in a new *role* on board the vessel. He says:—"On Sunday evening I noticed a most impressive and novel ceremony in the saloon. It had previously been announced that divine services would be held at eight o'clock, and hundreds of persons assembled there at the hour named. Who should walk into the pulpit but Mr. E. L. Davenport, the celebrated tragedian. He read a chapter from the Bible, and then made the sweetest prayer I ever heard. If all preachers would pray as fervently as he did the effect would be much better, to say the least."

THE ZANFRETTA TROUPE are reported as having been in a tight place recently in Indianapolis. It seems that a Mr. John Gonzales was their creditor to the amount of $800, and caused a writ of attachment to issue against them. The sheriff served the process just in time to find them aboard the train in quest of less rigorous climes. All their effects were checked save one black and white Cuban monkey and one black and tan dog—a trained cur, and said to be remarkably brilliant in the performing line. An ordinary dog and monkey would be a sorry satisfaction for a debt of $800, but so highly do their owners esteem these talented brutes that they stayed their departure to contest the detention of their property. The dog alone is valued at $1,000, and both animals were deposited by the sheriff in the County Jail to await the issue.

CHANFRAU closed a brilliant engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on July 4th. It was Mr. Chanfrau's first appearance in the "Hub" in eight years, and his engagement is pronounced the most successful of any played there this season, notwithstanding the warm weather.

CHARLEY PARSLOE, who had a set-to with Manager Rich, in Boston, for his salary, appears to have come out all right, as he received the "equiv" on July 1st.

THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, Boston, was opened on July 4th, for two dramatic performances.

COPIES OF "The Elves," "Faust," "Fra Diavolo," "Cinderella" and other popular pieces, can be procured by addressing as directed in an advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

THE REGULAR DRAMATIC SEASON at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, closed on the 27th ultimo, the houses towards the last being very slim. Last week several benefits were given. T. W. Homer, an old actor and policeman, took a complimentary on Monday, 29th, appearing as Rolla, in "Pizarro," and Carwin, in "Therese, the Orphan of Geneva." This last is a favorite part with him, and he does it well. Except Ashley, the whole of the old company appeared, and he was supported in addition by Wm. Munson, as Attaliba. Between the two pieces some of Newcomb's Minstrels made their appearance, Dunnie giving a ballad, Pell a stump speech, and Queen and Collins a double song and dance. Thursday evening, Harry C. Bates, who has been associated in the management with Mr. Miles, had a "ben," the programme embracing "The Actress of Padua," with the German actress, Senora Heriso, as Thisbe, and "Pocahontas," cast as played the previous week, and with the introduced burlesque, Can-Can by the red men; James O'Neill recited "Shamus O'Brien. On Friday evening Heriso herself was up for a benefit, on which occasion she was to have given "Mary Stuart". She is a German lady, acting in English, and sailing under a Spanish title. Her success in Porkopolis has not been very marked. Saturday, the 4th, two performances were to have been given by the stock company. On the 6th a season of English opera will be attempted, opening with the "Grand Duchess."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Ohio, the business of the past week has been very dull, the severe warm weather thinning out fearfully all places of amusement. Clara Morris had a benefit on the 26th ult., at which she produced "Adrienne," and Lucien Hook Black" to a small house. On the 28th ult., J. Wesley Hull presented his claims to the "generous public," but the said public was too warm to be generous, and although the house was fair Mr. Hill received no such benefit as he deserved, nor did J. E. Irving on the 21 instant, who presented "Peepo' Day," and "A Nice Quiet Family" to another slim house. The season closed on the 4th, on which day "Bluebeard" was produced; Mr. Ellsler then takes the company on a tour through Ohio, opening in Youngstown on the 6th instant, with "Lady of Lyons," and remaining out till the commencement of the next season. So writes our correspondent, "Claude."

MESSRS. DAVIS & CO., the Cincinnati theatrical agents, again publish their proclamations in the advertising columns of the CLIPPER, to which we refer the profession generally for further information.

MRS. GLADSTANE closed an engagement in Minneapolis, Minn., on July 4th, and is this week in St. Paul.

THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING DRAMA, now being performed at the Broadway Theatre, can be secured by managers who may wish to produce it. For particulars as to whom to address, see advertisement elsewhere.

THE BOWERY COMPANY, which appeared at the Arch, Philadelphia, during the past week, brought their season to an end on the sixth night. There was rather too much fire and fury in its composition to suit the *habitues* of the Arch.

THE DRAMA is dead in Philadelphia at present, the theatres all being closed, except the Chestnut, which is occupied by a minstrel troupe. The "White Fawn" is being prepared for representation at the Chestnut on the opening of the season.

THE BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE, now under the lesseeship of Miss Rachel Denvil, may be rented by the night or week. It will also be seen by an advertisement elsewhere that the lady is prepared to negotiate with first class stars for the forthcoming fall and winter season.

OFFENBACH'S latest productions, having been adapted to the English stage by Planché and Soloneaux St. John, are offered to managers, as will be seen by a card elsewhere.

KATE RANOE having met with much success in Montreal, C. E., the past week, continues for another six nights.

KATE FISHER was announced to commence an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 6th inst., in "Maseppa," supported by the following company:—J. R. Healey, Harry B. Hudson, G. C. Davenport, H. A. Weaver, W. R. Derr, J. W. Norris, W. H. Chester, A. Leonard, Walter Kelly, J. O. Keene, J. P. Wentworth, Nellie Sprague, Violet Campbell, Mrs. Jane English, Polly Daley, Carrie Durrell, Jos. Beckwith, Carrie Gettis, Louisa Kemp, Carrie Gordon and Fanny Loomis.

R. B. RICHARDS' COMPANY were at Stillwater, Minn., the past week. On the 2d inst. William Marble took a benefit, appearing in the local drama of "A Home in the West."

H. C. FAGE, late of McVicker's, Chicago, will start soon, with Mrs. Anna Morris and a company, to play through Indiana and Ohio.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Boston, Mass., may be rented by addressing T. Wentworth, as per advertisement.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., may be rented for July and August. The lady is also prepared to enter into negotiations with first class artists for next fall and winter. See advertisements.

ALEXANDER FITZGERALD, tragedian and character actor, recently returned from a tour in Australia, may be addressed by managers and others as per card in our advertising columns.

A YOUTH OF 18 SUMMERS is desirous of aspirations to become a shining light on the stage, and publishes a card to that effect, signed Ed. W. Emory, in our advertising columns.

T. CHARLES HOWARD, who has had a successful season with a dramatic company in Halifax, will shortly close for the purpose of reorganizing and commencing a tour of the principal towns and cities through the east, commencing about the 1st of September. Parties who may wish to communicate with Mr. Howard for engagements will find his address in an advertisement elsewhere.

MISS FANNY PIERSON, singing soubrette, burlesque actress, etc., can be secured by addressing in care of this office.

MANAGERS in want of a leading lady are referred to the advertisement of Miss Anna Levering in another column.

IN CHICAGO, says our correspondent, "Loiterer," under date of July 1st:—"The attendance so far during this week has ruled much lighter than usual at all of our temples of amusement, for people generally prefer groves to temples when the thermometers ranges above 90 deg. New features have been introduced all around, however, of sufficient attraction to keep up a paying business.....At the Opera House the management have introduced the 'Guard Imperial,' consisting of about one hundred and twenty children, dressed in the various uniforms of the French army, and La Petite Schlager. Genuine enthusiasm greets each of these features, and if the management had only carried the 'Guard Imperial' as it really deserves, I have no doubt the house would be crowded in spite of the weather. The march is not introduced until the close of the third act, so the little fellows do not come on till quite 11 o'clock, a time when all of them should be home and asleep. The audience are disposed to pity as well as applaud the little soldiers, and who can conceive of no reason why they could not be brought on in the Yellow Kingdom in the first act and to make room for them Bonfanti's Shadow Dance might be cut, for it is received coldly. Master Flynn as Colonel, little Miss Flynn as Adjutant and Master Jennings as Drum Major are really wonderful. Schlager does a character dance à la Virandiere. The success of Mrs. Oates is the most decided as well as deserving of any person in the dramatic cast, not having missed an *encore* since the opening. Wesmael not yet here, but promised Monday next. The 'Black Crook' at McVicker's is doing its share of the business, and will no doubt enjoy a long run. The new features here consist of The Demon Dance in place of the Pas de Cirq, and a grand new *ballet* arranged by the Great Morlacchi, entitled the 'Seven Cardinal Passions.' As a *ballet* it excels by far anything I have ever seen, and if they had the lights and scenic effects of McVicker's that they have at Crosby's, this new ballet would create an immense *furore*. As it is, it receives thunders of applause. All the premiers and solo dancers are introduced, and the *corps de corphée* is augmented. Morlacchi appears as Orfa (an orphan) and is beset and tempted in turn by Avarice, Mlle. Leah; Pride, Mlle. Diani; Envy, Mlle. Ricci; Luxury, Mlle. Alexandreni; Anger, Mlle. Leondine; Guile, Mlle. Alberdine; and Murder, Mr. Geo. Smith. Morlacchi has an excellent face for pantomime, and, with her unrivaled style of dancing, she becomes the most faithful exponent of the poetry of motion ever brought before a Chicago audience.....Frank Aiken has revived 'Dora' only to let it expire with the season, which closes 4th inst. To-night Jerry Courtright, the portly and courtly doorkeeper, receives a ben. Friday night Blaisdell is similarly served, and on Monday evening next Mr. Aiken receives a testimonial benefit, tendered him by the the leading citizens of Chicago, and on which occasion all talent will be complimentary. After that Frank says he is going a fishing—'On the Beach at Long Branch.' The company go out on a short tour in the country, under Blaisdell's management, and will play in the following towns, to wit:—Milwaukee, July 8th, for four nights; Janesville, two nights, 13th and 14th; Beloit, 15th; Madison, 16th and 17th; Watertown, 18th; Ripon, 20th; Fon du Lac, 21st and 22d; Oshkosh, 23d and 24th; Green Bay, 25th, 26th and 27th."

"URIEL ACOSTA," a tragedy in five acts, produced at the Opera House, Chicago, is offered for sale, as will be seen by a card among our advertisements.

A. D. BRADLEY, whose business is stage manager, old man or character, can be addressed at Melrose, Mass. See card.

J. E. NUGENT, juvenile, singing or walking gents, and Mrs. Nugent, chambermaids and responsible business, can be secured, as will be seen by their advertisement in another column.

AT THE LOUISVILLE THEATRE on June 29th, Gomersal and Fiske's company opened in the "Grand Duchess." Mrs. W. Gomersal in the title *role*, Mr. W. Gomersal as Fritz, Mr. M. W. Fiske as Gen. Boum, and Miss Blanche Chapman as Wanda, Mr. W. T. Melville and J. F. Pike, of the old company, in Prince Paul and Baron Puck. The piece was well played, but business only fair to middling.

T. W. DAVEY produces the "White Fawn" in Milwaukee, Wis., on July 13th for two weeks.

THE BANJO is taught by E. C. Dobson, one of the Dobson Brothers, whose address will be found in another column.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS are in their second week at the Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, played "Hamlet" on the 29th of June. An "Old Actor" says:—"The occasion was the benefit of Mr. A. J. Curet, who sustained the title *role* in an excellent manner. Mr. Howell as the Ghost, and Mr. J. Thomas as Laertes, cannot be too highly spoken of, and the audience showed their approbation by oft repeated applause. Mr. Rowley, as Horatio, read some parts of it beautifully. Mr. McCabe, although showing a fine conception of the play, and being very well up in the part, has a bad habit of speaking in drawling tones. Mr. Perry as the Grave Digger was good, although his make-up and playing of the part was entirely too young. Miss Graham, as Ophelia, received well merited applause. Miss Hamilton as the actress, and Miss Baker as the Queen, were pretty fair. On the 2d of July (regular night) they played the 'Irish Emigrant' and 'Dreams of Delusion.'"

THE MARLBORO' (Prince George's Co., Md.) Dramatic Association gave a performance at their hall on the 31st of July. The programme consisted of "Box and Cox," third act of "Othello" and the "Unwarrantable Intrusion." The house was crowded and the affair a complete success. A correspondent says:—"Mr. Walter E. McCann, a somewhat noted amateur, from Baltimore, appeared as the Dusky Moore, and as Sinsoole in the afterpiece, and received a bounteous share of applause. Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Henry Brooke also deserve credit. Some songs were sung between the plays, but they had better been omitted. The performance was for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church, and must have netted over two hundred dollars."

Foreign Show News.

LON

BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE,
E. D. LESSEE, MISS RACHEL DENVIL.
14-1t* To let by the night or week. Apply as above.

WANTED.
FOR BREBAN'S SWISS BELL RINGERS.
A First Violinist, must play solos and lead brass band. Also a lady to play piano and sing, and lady to sing comic.
Address, with full particulars and lowest terms,
JULIAN BREBAN,
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MR. J. E. NUGENT,
Juveniles and Singing Business, or First Singing Walking Gents and Light Comedian, and Mrs. J. E. Nugent, Second Chambermaids and Responsible Business, can be engaged for the Fall and Winter Season by addressing J. E. NUGENT,
Manchester, N. H.
"Mr. J. E. Nugent as Conanchet, handled his character in an able manner. We admire Mr. Nugent's acting considerably, and his voice is as clear and ringing as a bell."—*Buffalo Post.* 14-1t*

WILLIAMS AND SANFORD,
Neat Double Song and Dance Performers, Double Jig, Burlesque Fling and other double specialties, are now at liberty to negotiate with managers for long and short engagements. Address as above
14-1t* Care CLIPPER OFFICE.

Will shortly close their successful
Summer Season and will reorganize for a Winter Season, commencing about September 1, for the larger New England Cities. Communications can be addressed to the undersigned, care of HOWARD & BRICHER, No. 14 Kneeland street, Boston. No intemperate people need apply.
14-2t* T. CHARLES HOWARD, Manager.

MISS KATE RANOE,
WALLACK'S THEATRE.
In consequence of the success attending her appearance in Montreal, Miss Ranoe will extend her engagement for another week, after which time she will be at liberty. Can bring New Pieces and Burlesques, including Offenbach's works. Address, Theatre Royal, Montreal, or MESSRS. LOWELL & SIMMONDS. 14-1t*

TO CIRCUS AND GENERAL PERFORMERS.
Parties wishing to secure engagements, both Male and Female, for a Circus about to open in this city, should address, stating their SPECIALITIES AND TERMS DESIRED.
M. L., care of
14-1t* New York Clipper.

BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE.
MISS RACHEL DENVIL is now prepared to negotiate with first class stars for the Fall and Winter Season. 14-1t*

TO RENT, the OPERA HOUSE,
Brooklyn, E. D., by the Night or Week during months of July and August. Apply on the premises or 136 Court st., Brooklyn. 14-1t*

OFFENBACH.—Managers desiring of producing English adaptations of this composer's works can address MOLYNEUX ST. JOHN, 23 Irving place. 14-1t*

MASON'S HALL,
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.
Connected with the Mason House. Seats eight hundred. A good "show town;" five thousand inhabitants. Yours, etc.,
14-3m J. J. MASON.

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CONSISTING OF
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3-15t* BOX 261, Norristown, Montgomery Co., Pa.

THE CANADIAN GAME OF LACROSSE.—The following are the conditions under which the Champion Lacrosse flags are held:—
1. The flags shall be named "Champion Lacrosse Flags."
2. These flags shall remain in the possession of the Champion Lacrosse Club, of Montreal.
3. To entitle a club to the final possession of the flags its members shall be required to accept challenges from any Montreal Club, recognized by the National Lacrosse Association of Canada, and hold the flags without sustaining a defeat for three consecutive years.
4. All matches shall be played subject to the "Laws of Lacrosse," as adopted by the National Lacrosse Association of Canada.
5. The season for matches for the flags shall extend from the 1st of May to the 1st of November, in each year.
6. The club holding the flags shall not be bound to play more than one match every two months, nor shall it be bound to play any one club more than two matches in one season.
7. All challenges shall be in writing, addressed to the Secretary of the club holding the flags, who shall appoint time and place for the match within two months from his reception of the challenge.
8. Should the club holding the flags decline to accept the challenge, the flags shall become the property of the challenging party, whose time begins to run from the date of the challenge.
9. A drawn match shall not be considered a defeat to the champion club.
10. Any question or dispute arising relative to the matches shall be referred to the Council of the National Lacrosse Association of Canada.
11. In the event of the breaking up of the club holding the flags, they shall revert to the donor or his representatives, who shall again offer them for competition to the clubs then organized, subject to similar conditions.

BASE BALL.

THE TOUR OF THE ATHLETICS.
REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THEIR DEFEAT AT ROCHESTER.

Allusion has been made in this correspondence to the vital necessity of our ball sharps keeping in condition when "on the wing," particularly when they have contests in view. The Athletics, both at Indianapolis and at Detroit, entered the field suffering from fatigue, and on both occasions escaped defeat from the want of skill of their opponents. The physical preparation required by those who enter the roped arena, and the laws enjoined upon them as regards the avoidance of excitement or indulging in forbidden pleasures, will apply to those who do battle in our ball contests. The Athletics never went into training for their series of contests—though that question had frequently been asked of them on their late tour. They succeeded splendidly, and played the same whenever all hands went on the field. Whenever, as in the case at Detroit, they were out of condition, the play was spiritless, and dragged along until the close without being interesting to the spectators or even exciting to the contestants. The Athletics were brought to grief in their game with the Excelsiors, of Rochester, on Monday, the 29th ult., as the CLIPPER was advised per telegraph, in part from causes over which the Athletics had no control, and partly again from the exhausted condition of their players. The men had worked hard in the game with the Niagara at Buffalo on the Saturday previous; they had been led to expect a sharp contest with the Central City Club at Syracuse, on the following Wednesday, and were making preparations to give the Central City all the play they wanted. The Excelsior Club, it was reported, was no match for the Philadelphia crowd; they had been defeated only a week or ten days previously by a junior club—the Alert, of the same city; so, as the Quakers had so soft a thing of it they did not worry themselves, but took matters coolly, and were a little surprised on the afternoon of the game, at discovering that they had caught a Tartar. Sunday had been spent at Niagara, viewing the heights, the boys retiring to bed to be routed out of bed at daylight to be in readiness for breakfast and the cars that left at 6 o'clock, A. M. for their haven. They arrived in Rochester on time, and as luck would have it, instead of taking a rest they started off to see the Genesee Falls, and to wander about the streets. Two o'clock saw them on the field, the Public Square, which had been loaned by the authorities for the contest. Mr. John A. McDonald, of the Niagara Base Ball Club, Buffalo, was selected as umpire. The Athletics won the toss and sent the Excelsiors to the bat. Sabin, the first striker, got a ball that suited him, and hit it close to Berry, which gave him his first. McKelvey sent one bounding to right field. Sabin getting to his second. On an over pitch they both helped themselves to a base. Ward, who followed them, made his first on a clean hit, Sabin getting home. Sullivan, by a splendid drive between third and short, made his first, but immediately started home, having McKelvey and Ward in his advance on the jog, also—three men getting home—the result of some wild throwing indulged in by Messrs. Fisler and Radcliff. Four runs had been made in all, with Campbell on his first, which he had secured by a splendid hit to left field. Hoy went to the bat and sent up a fly that "Sensy" ran in for from centre field and secured, and which he planted at first before Campbell, who had run towards second, could return and cover, Sensy by this little operation making a double play. "Dick" put on a little more steam and Mr. Hilton went out on strikes.

It would be as well to state here that McBride had complained very much about his arm failing him in the Niagara contest. In the ninth innings in that game he had no control of the ball. He was at first afraid he had ripped something, but was afterwards led to believe that it was rheumatism. Any way, he was pitching under great difficulties, and had nothing like his speed. Bets, however, after the Excelsiors had scored four, were freely made that the Athletics would beat them two to one. The Rochester friends of the Excelsior accepted all offers of this character. The veteran, Hayhurst, picked up the cudgel to do duty for the Athletics, and was very quickly brought to grief, going out at first on a ball fielded by the occupant of that position. McBride sent a beauty to left that Kimball as beautifully captured. Radcliff had a life given him on a miss of Porter's, but on his next strike he sent the ball to Sabin, who fielded it to first, and the Athletics took a back seat for a cipher. Kimball led off in the second innings by hitting to Sabin, who sent a splendid hit to right field went to his second; Porter got his first and second on a muff of Cuthy's, Kimball getting home. Sabin, by a drive to centre field, sent Porter home, McKelvey helping Sabin to third by a soft hit inside the bases, and which either Fisler or Wilkins could have secured had they been paying attention to the game. Dick turned round and looked as the ball rolling to them, rubbed his left hand over his right arm, by way of appeal to them to "play up," but said nothing. Sabin got home while this little scene was being enacted. McKelvey got to his third on a passed ball. Ward sent "Sensy" a fly that Sensy took care of. Sullivan sent a ball whizzing by short field, and by some wild throwing of Radcliff and Fisher, got to his third, and home on the next striker, Campbell. The latter sent a ball similar to Sullivan's crack, and had got as far as third when he was left. Hoy got his first on a muff of Fisler's, but was nabbed at second immediately afterwards by a throw of Radcliff. Hilton put up a foul that Cuthbert took on the bound, and the Excelsiors retired with five additional chalks to the credit side of their account. Wilkins, Fisler and Berry were quickly disposed of by Porter—the catch off Fisler's bat on the bound was a brilliant performance, and was deservedly applauded; the others were taken on tips fresh from the bats. The score now stood nine in favor of the Excelsiors to a cipher for the Athletics. The latter, however, betrayed no alarm or anxiety. Their coolness under the circumstances was remarkable, and won them flattering praise from the spectators. The first two strikers of the Excelsiors—Kimball and Porter—were quickly disposed of at first, the former by Cuthbert, and the latter on a ball fielded by Wilkins; Sabin had a life given to him by a miss of Radcliff, and his next strike landed him at first; on a passed he got to his second; McKelvey sent the ball skimming between second and third, Sabin trotting home. Ward helped McKelvey home to a base; a wild throw gave him his tally. Ward got his first on a ball across short field; a wild throw helped him to a base, and a wild pitch, home, Sullivan going out on a fly to Fisler. Here were three runs scored after Radcliff had missed Sabin on the bound. "How many?" said Dick, his face drawn up with pain. "We must do something," was all he said, when informed as to how matters stood. Cuthbert had a life given to him by Kimball, which Cuthy improved. Sensy sent a beauty to centre field, stealing his second, Cuthbert keeping in advance of him and getting home. Schaffer was given his first on called balls, Sensy getting home. Schaffer went to his third on a passed, and stole home. Hayhurst secured his first on a muff of Sabin's, and secured his third on passed balls. McBride was a victim of Porter's on the bound, Radcliff going out on a fly to Hilton. Wilkins had his first given him on called balls, Hayhurst jogging home, Wilkins second, stealing home, but assisted to a couple of bases by passed balls. Fisler put up a fly that Sabin took charge of and the Athletics withdrew for five runs. The Excelsiors had the lead still, but it looked as if the Athletics intended making a rally. Campbell, who went first to the bat in the fourth innings, was taken on the fly by Radcliff, Hoy going out by the little catcher taking him on the bound. Hilton had his first given him on called balls; Kimball afterwards giving him his second on making first. Hilton, however, attempted to make third, but Radcliff had the ball in Berry's hand in advance of him, and the Excelsiors retired for a whitewash. The Athletics obtained two runs, Berry and Schaffer scoring, Cuthbert being beautifully taken on the fly by Kimball, and Sensy batting up a foul fly that Campbell nabbed, Hayhurst being halted at first by a throw of McKelvey's. The Excelsiors went severely to work in the fifth innings, Kimball leading off by a good hit to right field, getting his second and making third on a passed ball. Porter put up a foul that Radcliff took on the bound. Sabin went to second on a low ball to left field, Kimball getting home. McKelvey sent Sabin home, making his first by a low ball to right field, and on a wild throw his third, and home on Ward's bat, who got his first on a muff of Fisler's. Sullivan secured his first on a low ball to left field, stealing his second, and Ward stealing home. Campbell got to his first and stole his second, Sullivan scoring. Hoy sent a hot one to Berry that Tom fielded poorly to first, Hoy making his base and Campbell getting to third. Hoy, in attempting to make second, was nabbed on a throw of Radcliff's, the little Jerseyman—afterwards taking Hilton on the bound—having, by his individual exertions, retired all three hands in this innings. The 4th etics only obtained two runs, Wilkins and Fisler scoring; McBride and Radcliff were the two first strikers, McBride on a foul bound to Ward and Radcliff on the fly to Hilton. Berry got as far as second, where he was left through Cuthbert inviting Ward to take him on the fly, which Ward obligingly did. Radcliff went in to pitch in the sixth innings, McBride taking charge of first and Cuthbert going behind the plate. The first striker, Kimball, was a victim of Cuthy's on the bound. Porter was given his base on called balls, and made his run on passed balls. Sabin was muffed by Wilkins, he getting his first, his second on a passed ball and home on McKelvey's bat. Ward made his second by a beautiful hit to left field, and stole his third; in running home he neglected to touch the plate and was declared out by the umpire. The crowd now began to yell. They had previous to this hooted at several of the decisions of the umpire that had been unfavorable to the Excelsiors. Mr. McDonald very coolly threw down the bat he was holding, and walked over to where the hooting had proceeded from, and very quietly informed them that he had accepted the position to be insulted. He had submitted to it quite long enough, and they might now get some one else to act who would probably please them better. The Excelsiors disclaimed any sympathy with the mob, and begged of Mr. McDonald to continue to act until the close of the game. After much urgent solicitation he consented, but under protest. Sullivan, the next striker, hit up a fly that Berry captured, and the Excelsiors gave way for the "boys in grey." The Athletics did some good batting in going to the bat, and were rewarded by a tally of eight. Hayhurst was the victim twice; he was forced by McBride on his first strike, and nabbed at second. Sensy and he were both taken on the fly by Sabin. The Excelsiors committed but one error during this siege of the Athletics, and played the points of the game up to their highest average. The Excelsiors went out in one, two, three order, Campbell, Hoy and Hilton putting up fly balls that Wilkins and Fisler made short work of, the latter making two captives. The Athletics were in turn whitewashed. McBride and Radcliff being taken on the fly by Ward and Hilton; Wilkins got his second on a splendid hit, but in attempting to run home was put out at the plate, and the side gave way for the Excelsiors, who in the eighth got three runs, Kimball, McKelvey and Ward counting; Kimball had a life given him by Berry, and on his next attempt he made his final, and eventually his run. Porter, who followed him, obtained his second; Sabin, who had a clear score up to this innings, sent a fly to left field that Schaffer gobbled, and which he threw in quickly, putting Porter out at the home plate, making the second double play for the Athletics. The two next strikers, McKelvey and Ward, got their bases, and the remainder of the journey they made on passed balls. Sullivan got his second on a hit through short field, but he was left at third, through Campbell falling a victim to "Sensy" on the fly. Berry alone obtained a run as a set-off to the tally of their opponents, Fisler going out on a fly to McKelvey, Cuthbert being fielded out at first by Ward, and Sensy being taken on the bound by Porter. Still the Athletics kept up a wonderful display of nerve; but they had exhibited no enthusiasm during the game. McBride's cheery voice was hushed, and the men made their hits and bases in silence. The ninth innings saw the Excelsiors obtain one run, the two first strikers, Hoy and Hilton, falling victims to Berry and Fisler, the former on a fly, and the latter being fielded out at first. Kimball made his first on a low ball to right field, wild throwing gave him his third, and he reached home on Porter's bat, who sent a daisy cutter to centre field; he got as far as third on passed balls, when he was left, through Sabin falling a victim to Berry on the fly (foul.) The Athletics obtained but two runs, Schafer and Hayhurst scoring. McBride was run out between second and third; Radcliff was taken on the bound, and Fisler was the third hand out on a fly taken by Ward—the game closing with enthusiastic applause by the spectators. Appended is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	R.
Hayhurst, r.f.	4	2	Sabin, 2d b.	4	2
McBride, p.	5	1	McKelvey, s.s.	0	5
Radcliff, c.	5	1	Ward, 3d b.	2	4
Wilkins, s.s.	2	3	Sullivan, r.f.	2	3
Fisler, 2d b.	2	2	Campbell, 1st b.	0	3
Berry, 3d b.	1	5	Hoy, p.	1	0
Cuthbert, 1st b.	3	2	Hilton, c.f.	0	1
Sensenderfer, c.f.	3	1	Kimball, l.f.	2	4
Schaffer, l.f.	0	4	Porter, c.	3	2
Total	25		Total	16	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	0	0	5	2	3	5	0	1	2—20
Excelsior	4	5	4	0	0	3	0	0	1—16

Fly catches—Athletic—Radcliff, 1; Wilkins, 1; Sensenderfer, 3; Fisler, 3; Berry, 3; Schafter, 1—total, 12. Excelsior—Sabin, 1; McKelvey, 1; Ward, 4; Campbell, 1; Hilton, 2; Kimball, 2—total, 11. Foul bound catches—Athletic, 3; Excelsior, 7. Put out on bases—Athletic, 4; Excelsior, 4. Run out—Athletic, 3; Excelsior, 5. Struck out—Hilton, 1. Umpire—Mr. McDonald, of the Niagara, of Buffalo. Time of game—Three hours and twenty minutes.

THE ATHLETION IN SYRACUSE.

The Athletics arrived in Syracuse on Tuesday evening, 30th ult. A large crowd met the Quakers at the depot, whose inquiries were mainly directed as to the cause of the defeat at Rochester. The Athletics were not in the vein to give "the cause and the whereby," and as soon as a cup of tea had been furnished they repaired to their respective rooms to get ready for the morrow. Notwithstanding the fact that the Central City holds the gold ball, there were no prognostications made by either the club or its friends regarding the result. In this respect the Central City and the citizens of Syracuse exhibited a prudence that was in direct contrast with what had been observed in other places. The Athletics had resolved upon retrieving their misfortune of the day previous, and of exhibiting to their friends a playing nine even under adverse circumstances. After dinner an omnibus drew up in front of the hotel in which the members of both clubs took passage for the new grounds, which, by the way, are the largest of any the Athletics have yet played upon. The afternoon was one of the hottest of the hot, and as some time was lost before an umpire was chosen, there was some little growling upon the part of the spectators. As no member of either of the Rochester clubs could be found to act as umpire, Mr. Sam'l E. Radcliff, of the Union Club, of Camden, N. J., was selected, though it was only with some difficulty that Mr. R. could be induced to serve. Game was called at half-past two; the Central City going to the bat, McBride pitching for the Athletics. Cruttenden, the first striker, popped up four fouls that were driven out of harm's way, but the fifth came into Radcliff's clutches, and Crut was first hand out; Porter made his second on a ball that was thrown by Fisler to first, and which Cuthbert failed to cleave to. On a passed Porter got to his third, and home on Boswell's bat, who made his second by a hit to right field, getting his third and home on wild pitches. Dodge struck out, but the little Jerseyman was not sorry in handling the ball, and Dodge got his first, and his second on a wild throw of Radcliff to Fisler, his third on a passed, and home on Adams' bat, Johnson, who followed Dodge, going out on three strikes. Adams made his second on a muff of Fisler's, getting to third on a wildly pitched ball, and stealing home. Telford made his first by a low drive across second, and on passed balls got to his third, where he was left through Yale striking out—the innings yielding the Central City four runs. Hayhurst and McBride, who went first to the bat on the Athletic side, both made second on good hits; Radcliff got his second on a muff of Yale's fielded to him by Cruttenden; Wilkins went out on a foul fly taken by Johnson; Fisler and Berry both scored, the former making his third on a good hit between right and centre field, Berry making his base on a muff of Telford, and getting to his third on a passed and home on Cuthbert's bat, who made his second on a beautiful hit. Cuthy was nabbed, however, at the home plate in attempting to run home, he being warned by McBride not to do so. Sensy was fielded out at first by a throw of Cruttenden—the Athletics running up five tallies, leading their adversaries one run. Sedgwick and Cruttenden were halted in succession at first in the second innings on throws of Radcliff and McBride. Porter made his first on a good hit; he stole his second, getting home on a wild throw of McBride's to Fisler. Boswell struck out. McBride, though suffering acutely, pitched swiftly, and resolved to "do or die." The Athletics got seven runs for their careful play on going to the bat, McBride, Radcliff, Fisler and Cuthbert going out in one, two, three order; Cruttenden, on a fine fly taken by Radcliff, Porter on a throw of the latter to second, and Boswell on a fly taken by Berry. The Athletics got six runs, but here their luck deserted them, as in the next three innings they failed to chalk. In the seventh and eighth innings they failed to get even a show to scratch, Sensy, Schaffer, Hayhurst, McBride and Radcliff all popping up fly balls that were cared for by Cruttenden, Boswell, Adams and Porter, the latter retiring to his hands. Wilkins was the last hand out in the eighth inning, being fielded out at first by Cruttenden. In the seventh innings the Central City suffered their last whitewash, Dodge, Johnson and Adams going out in one, two, three order, the former on a foul bound to Radcliff, and the two latter taken on the fly by Sensy. In the eighth, Sedgwick, Crittenden and Porter scored, the former on a magnificent hit which landed him at third, the other two getting their first on clever hits; Boswell making his first and getting as far as second, where he was left; Dodge being taken immediately afterwards by Radcliff, on the bound, Telford and Yale having previously retired. Johnson scored in the ninth innings, making two bases on his hit, and home, by a hit to centre field, sending him home; the latter got his second on a muff of Fisler's, and his third on a passed ball, but he was left there through Telford, Yale and Sedgwick all falling victims to "Cuthy's" watchfulness in taking the two former on the fly, and Sedgwick's bat he stopped very handsomely. Fisler led off on the Athletic side with a beautiful drive between left and centre, on which he attempted to make a home run, but was stopped at the plate by Johnson, to whom the ball had been fielded. Berry went out immediately afterwards on the fly to Cruttenden; Cuthbert got to his first, but he was left there through Sensy being a victim by a ball fielded by Johnson, and thus closed the game. Appended is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	CENTRAL CITY.	H.L.	R.
Hayhurst, c.	2	0	Cruttenden, 3d b.	1	1
McBride, p.	1	7	Porter, l.f.	1	3
Radcliff, c.	1	6	Boswell, c.f.	1	3
Wilkins, s.s.	0	2	Dodge, p.	2	0
Fisler, 2d b.	1	6	Johnson, c.	1	4
Berry, 3d b.	3	5	Adams, s.s.	2	1
Cuthbert, 1st b.	1	5	Telford, 2d b.	1	3
Sensenderfer, c.f.	0	4	Yale, 1st b.	0	0
Schafter, 1st b.	0	4	Sedgwick, r.f.	0	2
Total	11		Total	9	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	0	0	6	0	0	0	0	0	1—7
Central City	4	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	1—9

Fly balls captured—Athletic—Radcliff, 4; Sensenderfer, 2; Cuthbert, 1; Fisler, 3; Berry, 1—total, 11. Central City—Cruttenden, 2; Johnson, 2; Porter, 5; Adams, 4; Boswell, 1—total, 14. Put out at bases—Athletic, 7. Central City, 13. Foul bounds captured—Radcliff, 4. Passed balls—Radcliff, 4; Johnson, 1. Umpire—Samuel E. Radcliff, Union B. B. Club, Camden, N. J.

TOUR OF THE ATLANTIC CLUB.
THEIR GAMES IN ST. LOUIS.

Our last account of the Atlantic Club left them on their way to St. Louis, where they were to meet the champion Union and Empire Clubs. They duly arrived at their destination on the morning of the 20th ult., and received a hearty welcome from members of the fraternity in general, and the Empires and Unions in particular. They were driven to their headquarters in omnibusses, and after a brush up and shake down were taken in charge by the members of the Union Club and shown the sights of the city. An early dinner had been provided for the ballists, and at one o'clock, attired in their neat and attractive uniforms they were driven to the grounds of the Union Club. Within the inclosure and occupying every inch of vantage ground, a large crowd had gathered, and when the Atlantics made their appearance they were lustily cheered. But little time was lost in getting to work, and shortly after two o'clock the ball was opened. The Unions having won the toss, sent their opponents to the bat for the first innings. Pearce led off in his usual style with a safe hit, and was followed by his fellows in such rapid succession that before the last hand had been put out eight runs were scored. A "whitewash" awaited the Union when they handled the willow; and it soon became apparent to most of the onlookers that the game was going to be very one-sided. The Atlantics did not do so well in the second innings, only scoring a single, while the Unions made two; but we do not intend to follow the game innings by innings to its conclusion. After the second innings the Atlantics increased their lead with fearful rapidity, scoring 14 in the sixth and 16 in the ninth, and winning by the totals of 68 to 9. The batting of Pearce was magnificent, while the fielding of the entire Atlantic was as fine an exhibition as ever seen in St. Louis. The Unions became demoralized early in the game. They did not have out as good a nine as in the Athletic game. Pearce, their pitcher, did not play, and the easy manner in which the Atlantics hit Lucas partly accounts for the disparity in the score. The Unions took their defeat good naturedly, however, and the players fraternized considerably. Following is the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	UNION.	H.L.	R.
Pearce, s.s.	0	10	9	Freeman, c.f.	4	1	0
Smith, 2d b.	4	7	5	Greenleaf, 3d b.	4	1	1
Start, 1st b.	3	2	2	Lucas, p.	5	0	0
Chapman, l.f.	2	8	5	Oran, c.	3	1	1
Crane, c.f.	3	5	8	Yore, r.f.	3	1	1
Chapman, 1f.	2	8	8	Easton, 2d b.	4	0	0
Mills, c.	4	3	5	Duncan, l.f.	3	1	2
Pratt, r.f.	2	3	5	Carr, 1st b.	3	0	1
Ferguson, 3d b.	1	10	9	Cabanne, s.s.	3	1	0
Total	27	68	58	Total	27	9	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	8	1	3	5	9	14	9	9	16—63
Union	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1—9

Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Smith.

On Sunday the Atlantics kept pretty quiet. The day was warm, and the shady portico of the hotel was much sought after. Toward evening, when the atmosphere became somewhat cooler, the Empires and their guests paired off in couples, and strolled about town.

A large crowd assembled at the St. Louis ball park on the 29th of June, to witness a match game between the Atlantics, of Brooklyn, and the Empires, of St. Louis. Game was called at half-past three o'clock, the Empires taking the field and the Atlantics at the bat. The Empires were short one or two of their nine. The Empire nine, as a whole, showed the evident want of practice, without which no club can hope to succeed. Of the Atlantic nine, the St. Louis *Times*, of June 30, remarks:—"Pearce has been noted as a superior shortstop for ten years, and to-day has no equal in the base ball field. He bats with great judgment and safety, and, place him anywhere in the field, he is equally reliable. Mills first made his reputation as a catcher in the Eckford Club, some four years since, when he joined the Atlantics, and has since taken rank as the best catcher in the country. His throwing to the bases is accurate, swift and effective, while at the bat he is a stunner. Zettlein, the pitcher, has faced Mills for several years, and is excelled in the speed of delivery by none and equalled, perhaps, only by McBride, of the Athletics. His peculiar advantage over the latter consists in the regularity of his delivery, never worrying the catcher, and at the same time retaining all the required speed. At the bat he is strong and steadily improving. Start, at first base, has long enjoyed the reputation of excelling all others at the same point. He has been playing the game for many years, and his annual averages have compared favorably with the best players. He ranks as a fearful batter and a terror to fielders. Charlie Smith, the second baseman, has been named for years the "model" ball player, and his reputation has suffered none by his play here. His gracefulness, power and certainty have commanded universal attention and runners of bases give him a wide berth if anxious to secure a run. Ferguson, at third base, though a new player to lovers of the national sport in the west, will remain a stranger no longer, for many of them have good reason to know how complete a master he is of that situation. He is a strong batter and freezes on every ball within reasonable reach. Chapman, the left fielder, is one of the longest throwers, surest catchers and heaviest batsmen in the nine, and withal is very graceful. Crane, the centre fielder, is all grace, and has a cunning way of covering a vast deal of ground. He fields finely and has been known in the base ball world for a long time as the India rubber man. His field is a dangerous place to bat a ball when a run is desired. Pratt, the right fielder, was for some years the rival of McBride as a pitcher, and, when relieving Zettlein, shows that he has lost none of his force or effect. An excellent cricketer, he is admirably fitted for a base ball fielder, and fly catches are sure to follow any "sky rockets" sent to his field. McDonald, the first substitute, is a rising player, and will yet make his mark. He is a powerful batter, and played first base very satisfactorily. They did not play their full game yesterday, but still what they did was no handsomely done that those who saw the game were well pleased. We noted Chapman, Crane, Zettlein, Smith and Ferguson for handsome fly-catches, and McDonald, Stark and Zettlein for heavy batting, in fact all excelling in the latter line. The Empires played an unusually excellent game, and with more than ordinary courage. They hit the balls hard and with good effect, scoring fifteen runs, against fifty-three, which, all things considered, was doing very well. Their regular pitcher was absent, and Dick Fruin was called from the second base to discharge the duties, which he did very well, though of necessity he was quite irregular. The fact that he was not in his usual position made the umpire more lenient than he should have been under the rules. Shocker, at right field, excelled all in the nine. He captured five fly balls in handsome style, and at batting made a clean score. Barron did well at short stop, and his throwing to the bases was very correct. He is steadily improving in this position. Jerry Fruin, though somewhat rusty for need of practice, is too old a ball player to forget how to play, and did as well as could have been expected under the circumstances. His batting was heavy and safe. Wirth, a superior first baseman, was not fully up to the mark. He lost no less than three chances for an out by his one hand dodge, which is pretty if successful, but very disastrous when a failure. O'Connell was weak at third base, and sadly needs practice. Haraden fielded well, and stands credited with a couple of nice fly-catches. Murray caught well, considering the irregularity of the pitching, and his batting was above the average. The game only lasted two hours and a quarter, and was well received and highly appreciated.

It is a matter of some regret that the same courtesies shown to the Nationals and Athletics were not accorded to the Atlantics, but, perhaps, the least said about it the better. The score of the game yesterday is as follows:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H.L.	R.
Pearce, s.s.	3	11	McVey, p.	1	3
McDonald, 1st b.	3	12	C. Yohn, 3d b.	3	1
Start, 1st b.	3	8	Fruin, 2d b.	1	2
Chapman, l.f.	2	7	Barron, s.s.	4	1
Zettlein, p.	3	9	O'Connell, 3d b.	2	3
McDonald, r.f.

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